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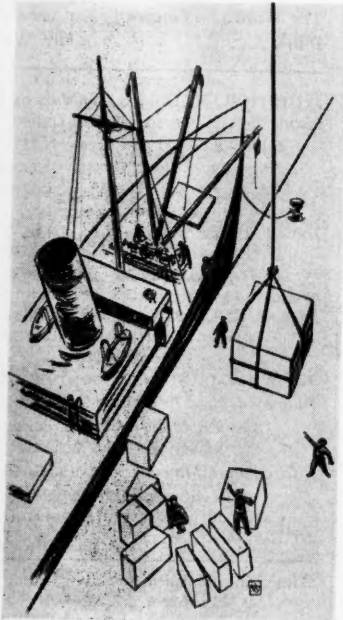
America

OCT 8 1955

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By Father Corridan



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T.S. Eliot: Christian Poet

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**Mediator Dei*

America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCIV, No. 2, Whole No. 2421

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Correspondence

The Ten Commandments

EDITOR: I read with pleasure and edification Bishop Buddy's article, "Bring the Ten Commandments Back into the Schools" (AM. 9/24).

Might it not be feasible to have reprints of the article available for distribution at the White House Conference on Education, opening on Nov. 28 next?

The quotation of the Ten Commandments from Exodus 20: 1-17, set out in the Bishop's article, could well be printed, as it stands, upon a suitable card, with the suggestion to the White House Conference that such cards be placed in the classrooms of the schools and colleges of our nation.

Let us organize, in spirit, a pilgrimage back to Mount Sinai.

Newark, N. J. JOHN A. MATTHEWS

EDITOR: Bishop Buddy has handled a delicate problem firmly, fearlessly and yet with great tact.

His approach is truly constructive. He appeals to the student from the positive angle and not from a negative one. His plea for reason in assuring us of the existence of God, and his insistence on bringing back the Ten Commandments into the schools is commendable indeed. Of course, our "ultra-liberal intellectuals" and the atheistic Communists will smile condescendingly; but the vast majority of hard-working, patriotic men and women in our public schools will welcome this call.

In my humble opinion the bishop has issued a clarion call to all red-blooded Americans to stand up and allow themselves to be counted.

(REV.) DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J.
Monrovia, Calif.

North Carolina Catholics

EDITOR: I was very much interested in the article by Father James P. Shannon "Church in the South" (AM. 9/10). I may be wrong, but I believe the article is misleading, as my brother Marine chaplains will attest. I have finished a tour at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and because of this I feel somewhat qualified to write concerning the Catholic problem in that State.

One thing must be realized at the outset. North Carolina is host to a very large military population. Camp Lejeune, Fort Bragg and Cherry Point are located within a few hundred miles of one another. Since the military always maintains the usual

average of Catholics, i.e., one in three or four, and since in some instances these are included in the parish enrolments of towns adjacent to camps, the figures given by Fr. Shannon would not be accurate.

For instance, Infant of Prague parish in Jacksonville, N. C., carries many Marine personnel and their dependents on its rolls, though strictly speaking they are parishioners of the Military Ordinariate. Also, in making converts it is the military chaplain who in most instances has given the instructions or aroused interest in the Catholic faith.

Let us not deceive ourselves with statistics. North Carolina is in need of many more priests like the wonderful Trinitarians, who minister to twenty or thirty people in the backwoods far removed from the military. It is true that in the past decade an increase of 250 per cent is indicated but I am afraid that if a strict roll call were made, excluding the military, the figures would be far below those given. San Diego, Calif. (REV.) H. T. LAVIN

Clarification

EDITOR: It was interesting to read in Current Comment ("John Marshall confronts the floods" (AM. 9/10) that the "Federal Constitution . . . was drafted, of course, in Philadelphia's nearby Constitution Hall."

I had never learned of its being drafted anywhere else than, of course, in Philadelphia's Independence Hall, formerly the Pennsylvania State House.

Washington, D.C. HARRIET LIVINGSTON

EDITOR: Re your article (issue of Sept. 24) on Social Actionists convening in Cleveland. You mentioned Father Raymond McGowan as being absent from the meeting to organize an Inter-American Social Action Congress in Mexico this fall.

Due to unforeseen difficulties in transportation and itinerary, the Congress has been postponed until February, 1956. Fr. McGowan is at present in Mexico City, doing as much advance work as possible on this Congress. However, he is due back in San Antonio this week, to complete work on the U. S. part in the meeting.

We read with interest that AMERICA is changing format. It will probably be a change for the better, judging AMERICA by its wonderful past, but we will miss the format we have come to look for weekly.

Alamo Register R. J. MESKILL JR.
San Antonio, Texas Associate Editor

The Henry Regnery Company Announces the Publication of

ANGELUS BOOKS

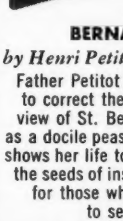
An important new line of first-rate books on Catholic subjects at the uniform low price of \$1.25. These are new books—not reprints—by well-known Catholic authors. They are bound in stiff paper, varnished, printed in large clear type, and are all in the same format.



PADRE PIO

by Malachy Gerald Carroll

This book gives a sane and balanced account of the famous Italian priest, Padre Pio.



SAINT BERNADETTE

by Henri Petitot, O.P.

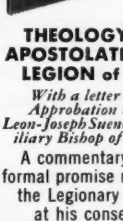
Father Petitot sets out to correct the popular view of St. Bernadette as a docile peasant, and shows her life to contain the seeds of inspiration for those who desire to serve God.



LOGIC FOR ALL

by Richard Bodkin, C.M.

A simple introduction to logic for beginners, treated with great ease and clarity.



THEOLOGY of the APOSTOLATE of the LEGION of MARY

With a letter of Papal Approval by Mgr. Leon-Joseph Suenens, Auxiliary Bishop of Malines. A commentary on the formal promise made by the Legionary of Mary at his consecration.

Other Angelus titles ready this fall are:

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE Stecher

THE CONVERTS HANDBOOK. Bullen

MENTAL HYGIENE AND SNOOK

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

ETHICS OF BRAIN SURGERY Dom Flood, O.S.B.

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Current Comment

STATE OF THE UNION

The President's Illness

In the flood of prayers that swept the country at the news of President Eisenhower's illness we learned a lot about ourselves. We saw a new, moving proof that we are a religious people which instinctively turns to God in prayer. Such a response was not rehearsed. It expressed America's spontaneous recognition of God's providence over our lives.

Reaction on all political sides reminded us that our respect and esteem for this man are almost unparalleled in American history. Only President Washington was so free from personal attacks. No planned tribute could have been as persuasive as the genuine shock and sympathy which followed news of "Ike's" illness.

The American Presidency in our day is a terrifying burden to place on any man. Its responsibilities, which range from the Chinese coast to credit controls, make it the most pressurized job in the world. Mr. Eisenhower has admirably delegated much of that work and responsibility, but the major decisions, the pressures that bear on a man of conscience and sensibilities, still rest with him.

When we have a man with President Eisenhower's rare combination of experience and balance, we must consider his protection—for our welfare as well as his own. As much as possible the President should be saved from fatiguing details. AMERICA adds its sincere prayers for his rapid recovery to those of an admiring nation.

Hard-Working Congressmen

Visitors to Washington sometimes leave with the impression that their representatives in Congress have a soft life. At the time they visited the House most of the members may have been absent from the floor. Perhaps an even slimmer attendance greeted them in the Senate, where on occasion only a handful of lawmakers carry on what appears to be very desultory business.

Actually, most Congressmen work hard, as a résumé of the first session of the 84th Congress shows.

From the time Congress convened last Jan. 5 until it adjourned Aug. 2, the Senate was in session 105 days and passed 1,325 measures. The House sat 7 days longer and approved 1,597 bills and resolutions. During the session the Senate received 28 special reports, the House 44. Individual Senators introduced 3,070 measures, House members 8,844. The Senate confirmed 39,897 appointments, and though many of these were acted on *en masse*, some required a great deal of care and investigation.

In addition to these activities, Congressmen spent long hours in committee hearings, and longer hours in their offices, studying legislation and receiving visitors.

After watching the Washington scene for many years, we suggest that perhaps the worst way to appreciate Congress is to pay a short visit to House or Senate.

Getting Together

Apropos of Rep. Emmanuel Celler's probe of the Commerce Department's

Business Advisory Committee, a letter to the editor in *Business Week* for Sept. 17 makes a constructive suggestion. The writer calls upon the Administration to establish a similar group to advise the Secretary of Labor. Since this group would be composed of labor leaders, in the same way the Commerce Department committee is made up of businessmen, its existence would mute criticism that the Government seeks the advice only of industry, without troubling to ask labor's opinion.

These two committees, the correspondent goes on to say, should in turn choose a "Joint Industrial Conference Committee." The joint committee would coordinate the findings of the labor and business groups and channel them to Government policymakers.

To this proposal, which the editor of *Business Week* has transmitted to the proper authorities in Washington, we would add an amendment. Since the Agriculture Department already has an advisory committee of farm leaders, why not give this group also representation on the projected coordinating committee?

Though such an arrangement falls short of the occupational-group system which the late Pope Pius XI so strongly recommended in his encyclical *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order*, it might be a fruitful step in that direction. At least it provides a means whereby the Government, in setting economic policy, can pick the brains of our major occupational groups. That would result only in benefit to all.

AROUND AND ABOUT

World Series and Baseball

During the subway World Series, extra armored trucks rolled up daily to the crowded ticket cages of Yankee Stadium and Ebbets Field to haul away bales of dollar bills. Trucks weren't needed, however, during the regular season. In fact, there were few clubs in any league that didn't suffer another bad year of box-office atrophy.

Many baseball officials bitterly blame television. It's simple mathematics, they say. In 1947, when there were less than 200,000 TV sets, the National League drew 10.4 million attendance and the American League 9.5 million. Today there are more than 35 million sets. This past season the National

League clubs drew a scant 7.8 million and the American League clubs only 8.7 million. *Voilà*.

Minor-league owners claim that telecasting big-league games in their towns has emptied local ball parks. In 1949 there were 59, today but 33.

Maybe TV is only one reason for all of this. Stadiums are half-empty because more Americans are spending more leisure time at golf, fishing, driving and "do-it-yourself" projects at home—spare hours once spent at the local ball game. Our youngsters, however, are still playing as much baseball as ever, perhaps even more, what with the steady growth of "little leagues" all over the land. After all, baseball is still America's first love.

Trapped into Friendship

Have you ever thought how strange it is that many of the modes of transportation in a mechanized civilization get people together only to keep them apart? Consider a group in a bus, a train. Seated and jolted, or standing and swaying side by side, they seem sewed up in their little individual worlds; for all the companionship such physical proximity brings, they might as well be hermetically sealed in private mummy-cases.

This seems peculiarly true of elevators. A sort of rapt and sacred silence descends on the ascenders or descend-ers. Is it that they are lost in contemplation on going to work or leaving for home? Or does the very working of mechanical efficiency tend to blight the arts of human communication?

Last week, an elevator got stuck in a tall office building in one of our eastern cities. Fourteen people were trapped for almost three hours. They did not get frightened; they got friendly. "It was a funny thing," one of them said, "I've been working here over two years. I see these people every day, but never spoke to them. We all introduced ourselves and got acquainted."

We are not going to campaign for a general breakdown of buses, elevators, etc., but we do favor a breakdown in taciturnity in travel. Chances are, however, that the 14 trapped on one day were just as uncommunicative in the same elevator the next day. And *that's* funny, isn't it?

Un-Christian Bookselling

The first issue of the *Christian Bookseller*, "the business magazine for Christian bookstores," appeared in Jan. 1955. The journal, handsomely gotten up, tries to do for the Christian (i.e., the non-Catholic Christian) book trade what *Publishers' Weekly* has been doing for the general trade. It is now in its fourth issue.

When we noticed a full-page ad in the first issue devoted to an "exposé" of the "Roman Question" and featuring books, many of them by staff members of the *Converted Catholic*, we lifted our brows in wonderment. Had the *Bookseller* so soon forgotten its title of Christian? But then, we thought, perhaps it was a slip; the journal's policy just cannot be to publicize this rabble-rousing stuff.

Then came the fourth (Sept.) issue.

The un-Christian ads crop up again, smearing "Papal Worship" and the "Secrets of Romanism." Apparently an easing of Protestant-Catholic tensions is not part of the *Bookseller's* policy.

An interesting question arises. How can reputable publishers, who would not be caught dead publishing such books, continue to advertise along with these hate-mongering firms? Cooperation with bigotry is hardly Christian.

RELIGION

The Church Ambulant

Auriesville, N. Y., is on the site of the 17th-century Mohawk Indian village of Ossernenon. There, amid unspeakable hardships, St. Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest, St. René Goupil, a Jesuit lay brother, and St. Jean de la Lande, a layman, laid down their lives for Christ in the 1640's.

Today pilgrims come from both the United States and Canada to this famous shrine, where in a deep ravine Fr. Jogues with his own hands buried the precious bones of René Goupil.

Going on pilgrimage has always been a Catholic practice, and nowhere more than among pilgrims can one witness

The Emmett Till Acquittal

Few courtroom incidents in the last couple of decades have so upset public opinion in the United States as the acquittal on September 24 by an all-white Mississippi jury of the two white men charged with the brutal murder of Emmett Till, a 14-year-old Negro boy. The event revealed two quite contrary things.

The conduct of the trial was agreeably, one might say hopefully, different from the scandalous scenes that accompanied some former historic cases where Southern race issues were concerned. The State prosecutor gave every evidence of attempting to obtain a conviction, and the judge set a fine example of dignity, fairness and restraint.

Circuit Judge Curtis M. Swango, who presided, made it clear, according to John H. Popham, special correspondent to the *New York Times*, that there was only one policy for all before the court. One Southern newspaper man remarked: "The South has always had its Judge Swangos. That's why we keep faith in the future." The State officials had to do the best they could in the face of a deplorable lack of law-enforcement machinery: lack of funds for the prosecution and crippling local rivalries. One is puzzled, however, as to why the prosecution did not make more vigorous preliminary attempts to identify the victim's body.

On the other hand, this brief and hectic occasion

tore away any lingering doubts as to the curse of racism with which many elements in our American population are still affected. The racism that appeared in all its brutal nakedness in Tallahatchie County, the racism that is now inspiring a regular reign of terror against Negroes attempting to use their citizens' rights in several States of the Deep South, is no different in substance—even though it may differ in modalities—from the spirit of race hatred that can and occasionally does flare up in our changing Northern communities.

Decent people everywhere express their abhorrence of such attitudes, and ask "how come" that anywhere in the United States the mystery of an American child's violent death can thus remain unsolved. The acquittal still leaves a nagging query in the public mind. But decent people will also reflect that all of us, in one way or another, are in some sense culpable. For we have allowed and still allow the hateful racist menace to grow up in our midst.

Industry and labor on a national scale, politics and education on a national scale, have their stakes in Mississippi's Delta quite as much as in the big cities of the North. Mere loud outcries accomplish little. The time has come for substantial support, moral and material, for all those forces in the South, regardless of race, creed or color, that are striving to erase this evil from the land.

JOHN LAFARGE

the dynamic universality of the Church. On Sunday, Sept. 25, the day before the feast of the American martyrs, old and young, Negro and white, priests and nuns, rich and poor—all came to venerate the martyrs of Auriesville. A 15-car train left New York that morning, bringing 700 pilgrims from every part of the metropolitan area. When they arrived at Auriesville just before noon, they joined a crowd of 500 boy scouts and several other pilgrimages from northern New York State. Especially impressive was the large group of Puerto Rican pilgrims from Nativity Mission Center (204 Forsyth St., New York 2). Reciting the rosary in Spanish, they led the procession up the Hill of Torture, once soaked with the blood of martyrs running the gantlet. A scene like that impresses one with the meaning of the word "Catholic."

Two Statues

The old warning, "Don't admire it; they might give it to you," has unusual pertinence these days in Providence, R. I., and Louisville, Ky. Both cities would be glad to be rid of a statue.

Up in Providence the statue is that of Tom Paine, offered to the city by the Thomas Paine Foundation of New York. In rejecting the offer, Mayor Walter H. Reynolds understated the feelings of many of his people when he said that Paine is "so controversial a character." Currently, the American Civil Liberties Union is trying hard to get Paine onto a Providence pedestal.

Down in Louisville, the statue is that of George D. Prentice, which for 41 years has stood in front of the Louisville Free Public Library. Prentice, founder and editor of the old *Louisville Journal*, predecessor of the present *Courier-Journal*, is said to have been one of the chief instigators of the "Bloody Monday" anti-Catholic riots in Louisville 100 years ago. Msgr. Felix N. Pitt, secretary of the Louisville archdiocesan school board, has commented that these riots, by causing many German and Irish immigrants to by-pass Louisville, set the city back half a century.

... paging ACLU

Prentice once wrote on the occasion of a Louisville election:

Rally to put down an organization of Jesuit Bishops, Priests and other

Papists, who aim by secret oaths and horrid perjuries and midnight plottings to sap the foundations of all our political edifices. . . . Americans, are you all ready? We think we hear you shout, "Ready." Well, fire! And Heaven have mercy on the foe.

A centenary article in the *Courier-Journal* about Bloody Monday appears to have sparked the present controversy. A committee of three has been appointed to study the part Prentice played in the riots and to discuss the removal of the statue. When ACLU gets through protesting in Providence, will it detail a man to help get George Prentice down off his pedestal in Louisville?

Two to Teach Religion

We heard recently of a plan which is being tested in non-Catholic Sunday-school classes. Mrs. Alice Goddard, director of children's work for the National Council of Churches, told an interviewer that man-and-woman "team teachers" are getting fine results in several communities.

Working together, the team of two tends to create a "family situation" especially helpful to children who, for

one reason or another, find that their parents don't quite "measure up." Besides, says Mrs. Goddard, lots of times "it's easier to get a couple to agree to teach. They like to share the work, and the responsibility is less when someone works with you." Have Catholic men been shirking their duty to teach Christian doctrine where their services are needed?

The Catholic Evidence Guild has long used this "team" technique in street-corner speaking. Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward (Mrs. Sheed) are a famous team. Pastors and priests usually help the sisters and lay teachers with catechetical instruction. Of late, several Catholic groups have found the team-idea a very fruitful one in their efforts to evangelize in the foreign mission field. Catholic husband-and-wife teams have been volunteering in increasing numbers to do medical and other missionary work in Latin America and elsewhere.

No "team" of teachers can rival the effectiveness of the sisters who conduct catechism classes. But where sisters are lacking, perhaps the idea would be useful in recruiting young Catholic couples to help out in a Sunday school.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

Gaitskell for Attlee

To many a newspaper reader, what his favorite sports columnist says about the chances of the Dodgers in the World Series is of greater immediate interest than news from London that Clement Attlee is ready to quit as head of the Labor party. Yet Britain's role in the free world, and the Labor party's place in British politics, give this news peculiar importance for Americans. Washington may yet have to deal with Mr. Attlee's successor.

Indications fortunately are that toward the end of October the Parliamentary Labor party will choose as successor to the aging Attlee a man well disposed toward this country and soundly anti-Communist. Such is the reputation of 49-year-old Hugh Gaitskell, who seems destined to lead Her Majesty's loyal opposition. On domestic questions, Mr. Gaitskell might be described as a pragmatic moderate whose views generally coincide with those of Britain's right-wing trade unions. No more than they is he a doctrinaire

exponent of socializing the means of production.

For these reasons, Aneurin Bevan and his followers are said to be unhappy over Mr. Attlee's coming resignation. Though Mr. Attlee is also a moderate, he is, compared with Mr. Gaitskell, a man fairly easy to live with. The Bevanites suspect that Mr. Gaitskell will have small patience with the revolts which their anti-American, Marxist-minded leader periodically stages against Labor party policy.

French Catholic Conscience

From the Catholic viewpoint the only encouraging aspect of the crisis faced by France in North Africa has been the lack of Christian-Moslem tensions which might easily have arisen with increased Arab bitterness. The wisdom of the Church in remaining aloof from Moroccan politics and refusing to become identified with the *Présence Française*, a group opposed to compromise with nationalist elements, has kept the "holy war" on a political plane.

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Nevertheless, there are chapters in the whole North African story which are an affront to the truly Christian conscience. Sincere French Catholics, therefore, cannot be blamed for speaking out. As the French Government seeks a solution to the problem of Moroccan nationalism, it could do well to ponder a recent statement by leaders of French Catholic youth movements.

Stressing the fact that the only reason for the presence of the French in North Africa is the promotion of the true interests of the Moslem population, the youth leaders went on:

This means individual aid through the development of schools, through hygiene and through employment, as well as collective aid that respects all forms of political, economic and social responsibility which can and ought to be assumed by young people who have to take part in building world peace. Today it is no longer possible for young Catholics to ignore the doctrine of the Church on the legitimate aspirations of peoples.

Neither can the French Government. These are the only grounds on which a true Franco-Moroccan community can be built. It is the only way in which France will maintain peaceably her interests in North Africa.

Lonardi's Deal with Labor

After a few days of reflection, our initial shock over General Lonardi's concessions to the Argentine General Confederation of Labor has given way to milder emotions. After all, confronted with the need of restoring order after the confusion and bloodshed of the revolution, the Provisional President of Argentina—whom, incidentally, Washington hastened to recognize on Sept. 25—probably had no other choice.

Under the Perón regime, the General Confederation developed into the strongest civilian organization in the country. Still under control of leaders devoted to Perón, it retains great potentialities for mischief. It could, for instance, call a general strike, which,

even if not fully successful, would still pose enormous problems for the new Government.

Most of the concessions which General Lonardi made merely guarantee ordinary trade-union rights. Since on assuming his office he had announced that in his opinion "free trade unions [were] indispensable to the dignity of the worker," the general may well have felt that he was not compromising his principles. Though the unions affiliated with the General Confederation are not free trade unions, they may, now that their dictator-patron has fallen, develop along true democratic lines. Such a process, which would take some time, is probably what General Lonardi hopes for.

Prior to the Perón regime, there was little Christian influence in Argentine labor. Whether or not there will be any in the future will largely depend on how quickly the seeds of Christian Democracy sprout in the post-Perón soil.

Underscorings

VALERIAN CARDINAL GRACIAS, Archbishop of Bombay, will be the principal speaker at a service for world peace to be held at the Polo Grounds, New York City, on Sunday, Oct. 9 at 3 P.M. The service, held under the auspices of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Society, will be presided over by Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York. A feature of the service will be a dramatization of Christ's journey to Calvary by the Fordham Passion Players under the direction of Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., of the Fordham University faculty.

THE MEDICAL MISSION Sisters, whose Motherhouse is in Philadelphia, celebrated on Sept. 30 the 30th anniversary of their founding in Washington, D. C., by Mother Anna Dengel, M.D. In 33 centers scattered around the globe the sisters maintain 17 hospitals, as well as maternity institutes and clinics. Last year they cared for over 400,000 patients and were training 275 student nurses, midwives and technicians.

A MEDICAL MISSION sister, Sister M. Benedict Young, M.D., was elected a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons at its 20th convocation in Philadelphia last month. She is one of the few women and the first nun to receive this honor, awarded for her surgery work in East Pakistan missions.

ST. MARY OF THE WASATCH, Catholic college for women in Salt Lake City, conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross, is inaugurating this fall evening courses for men and women. Since there is no Catholic college for men in the diocese, the courses will enable Catholic men to fill a gap in their intellectual life.

WHEELING COLLEGE, conducted by the Jesuits in Wheeling, West Va., opened its first class Sept. 26. The college was built through the generosity of Archbishop John J. Swint of Wheeling, who erected and equipped the buildings and turned them over to the Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus.

REV. JOHN C. FRIEDL, S.J., founder of the Institute of Social Order at Rockhurst College, will be honored Oct. 8 at a public dinner at the Hotel Muehle-

bach in Kansas City, Mo. The dinner is a testimonial to Fr. Friedl "for distinguished service to labor, management and the public in the Greater Kansas City area."

VISITORS to the Cardiological Institute in Bilbao, Spain, are impressed by the large and artistic picture of the Sacred Heart in the vestibule of the building. Its inscription reads: "Heart of Jesus, King and Center of all hearts, protect those who suffer from cardiac diseases."

IN SPOKANE, WASH., on Sept. 25 died Bishop Charles D. White, 76, Bishop of Spokane. He is succeeded by Bishop Bernard J. Topel, who on Sept. 21 was consecrated Coadjutor with right of succession.

ROBERT H. O'BRIEN, one of the original founders of the Catholic Book Club, died in White Plains, N. Y., on Sept. 9. Mr. O'Brien was one of the small group of laymen who, under the guidance of the late Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J., then the Literary Editor of AMERICA, inaugurated the CBC in 1928. The fruitfulness of their foresight is evident in the present vigor of the club. C. K.

Washington Front

In this political capital of the U. S. A. the noble human factor earned only a rather difficult victory over partisan considerations as word came that President Eisenhower had suffered a heart attack in Denver. Men of both major parties immediately wished and prayed sincerely that he would have a full recovery, but it was only a short time before—in the somewhat callous manner of politics—they were trying to figure out what it all meant politically.

Scarcely anyone believed there was even a thin marginal possibility that Mr. Eisenhower ever again would be a candidate for anything. Scarcely anyone doubted that this was a severe blow to the Republican party. Many felt that this event would be an influence perhaps decisive enough to throw the country back to the Democrats again next year. In both parties now there would be a mad scramble for the nomination.

Republican leaders have realized very well how Mr. Eisenhower towered above his party in popular appeal. They have feared even to consider the 1956 national election without him at the head of their ticket; hence the insistence by party leaders that he again be a candidate. Almost at the moment of his attack, plans were

going forward for a campaign built around his personality and his achievements.

The shift of voting in recent years undeniably has been toward the Democratic party; it was only with an Eisenhower that the GOP was able to counter that trend. Last fall, even with Mr. Eisenhower taking an active part on behalf of the Republicans, control of Congress slipped away to the Democrats. It wasn't just in Congress, either. The Democrats captured a flock of governorships and State legislatures, too.

So the GOP has its work cut out for it if it is going to find a winning ticket without an Eisenhower. Nominally, a Vice President might seem to have a position of advantage, but Richard M. Nixon is opposed in the Republican party from both right and left. He does have strength of his own with a hard core of the party organization, but he will not get the nomination without a terrific fight. Many believe Chief Justice Earl Warren would be the strongest Republican, but he earlier said "No" very firmly. It is possible a liberal party group may try to push Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge or someone like him.

The Democratic nomination looks like pure gold to Democrats who thought it dross a week ago. By most guessing, Adlai Stevenson appears the most likely choice. But if he shows any slight reluctance, he may well be beaten by an Averell Harriman or an Estes Kefauver who is willing to fight for it.

CHARLES LUCEY

UN Assembly Kick-Off Day

It was on dictator Perón's day of doom, Sept. 20, that the tenth UN General Assembly met at its New York headquarters. If they did not realize this, the members of the 60 delegations very promptly became aware of it. As the Argentine representative marched down the aisle to cast his secret ballot for Assembly President, a voice of protest was heard from the special guests' gallery. Perón was overthrown. Why should his man's vote be accepted?

The minions of Security Chief Frank Begley, former Connecticut State trooper, quickly closed in on the interloper. In the chaste language of the official version of the event, he was "escorted" from the hall. To this eyewitness, "carried" would have been more descriptive. Usually, suspicious packages appearing at the UN get dunked by Begley's boys. But the intruder, one Ricardo Rojas, a political exile, got off at the price of an apology. The reason for his special treatment is that there is no danger that a dunked package from Argentina will ever return to the East River in a year or even a week as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. *Quien sabe?* Señor Rojas might.

Señor Rojas who, it must be noted, is not merely a Radical but an Intransigent Radical, must have felt he had as much right to protest the vote of Perón's representative as Molotov had to protest the participation of Nationalist China. A few minutes earlier, with the first motion from the floor, the Soviet Foreign

Minister renewed his long-standing effort to obtain admission for Red China's representatives. The Assembly voted 42-12, with six not voting, to shelve the issue for this year.

But the short first day of any Assembly session, like the first day of school, is not given to intensive discussion. General themes are recalled and long-range goals sketched. Popular legend to the contrary, God is not ignored at the opening of the General Assembly. This year, as usual, the temporary President called upon the delegates to stand and to observe one minute of silence dedicated to prayer or meditation. The minute is usually 45 seconds. It is to be hoped that UN critics will not judge the quick gavel too harshly. Time has never been of the essence in the procedures and deliberations of the General Assembly.

It so happened that, this year, the temporary President, Netherlands Foreign Minister, J.M.A.H. Luns, a Catholic, closed his own address of welcome with the prayer, "May God bless our efforts." However, his permanent successor for the year, Señor José Maza of Chile, belongs to another school. In his written speech of acceptance, which he "just happened" to have in his pocket following his election by 60-0, he spoke much of the "moral authority" of the United Nations, of "human rights" and the "mutual exchange of good faith." But there was no word about God, though he spoke in Spanish, the language in which men pray best. Perhaps he felt that one should not obtrude one's religious beliefs upon fellow delegates.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

Editorials

Australia and the Cold War

The September 24 meeting of the Anzus Council in Washington sounded a warning the West could well keep in mind during the forthcoming Geneva conference with Soviet Russia. Though the Foreign Ministers of Australia, New Zealand and the United States "noted with satisfaction" the efforts to reduce international tensions made at last July's "summit meeting," they also remarked on the lack of "positive action" on the part of the Soviet bloc to make the "Geneva spirit" a reality. As the joint Anzus communiqué put it:

[The Foreign Ministers] were in firm agreement that world developments do not so far justify any relaxation of the efforts of the free world to maintain a posture of defensive strength.

This appraisal is certainly valid for Southeast Asia, where the constant danger of Communist infiltration in South Vietnam, Malaya, Thailand, Burma and Indonesia has brought the cold war alarmingly close to the doors of both Australia and New Zealand.

Both these nations, key Pacific allies of the United States in virtue of the 1951 Anzus Pact, are keenly aware of the threat. A timely article by Norman D. Harper of Melbourne University in the September issue of *Pacific Affairs* traces the development of that awareness in Australia.

From an attitude closely akin to our own pre-war isolationism, "the stark realities of the Asian situation" have gradually convinced Australia of the urgency of the regional security pacts which form the basis of American Far Eastern policy. It continues:

In the "agonizing reappraisal" effected in Canberra as well as in Washington [as a result of last year's Indo-China crisis], Australia desisted from any firm commitment to back American intervention. At the same time she warmly supported nebulous American proposals for a regional umbrella agreement against expanding communism.

Since the signing of the Manila Pact in September, 1954 Australia has striven to convert a skeletal Seato alliance into a shield to protect northern Australia. The first step involved the stationing of troops in Malaya last April. This peacetime commitment of ground forces outside territorial Australia marked a significant departure in the country's defense and foreign policies.

Australia has shown no less concern for the economic problems of Southeast Asia. Economic assistance, Australia believes, is an effective weapon of foreign policy. Hence her cooperation in the Colombo Plan, the successful Asian experiment in mutual self-help, which, as a matter of fact, is a development of the original Spender Plan, named after Australia's former Minister of External Affairs.

Perhaps the most notable development in Australian foreign policy has been the change in attitude toward Japan. Australia is not only convinced of the danger in perpetuating wartime animosities but of the need to incorporate Japan into the comity of nations and to collaborate economically with the former enemy. Four years ago, at the signing of the Anzus Pact, a pro-Japanese policy would have raised many an Australian eyebrow.

Regional security pacts, economic assistance programs, close political relationships between the democratic nations of the Pacific, all go to make up what the Anzus Council has called the free world's "posture of strength." Despite the current Kremlin mood, the free world cannot afford to scrap this triple approach to the problem of security in the Pacific.

Fever in the boom

Probably most people gave scant attention to the announcement last December that the Federal Reserve Board was shifting its policy from "active ease" to "ease." All this was bankers' talk, far above the heads of ordinary people. For the same reason, most of us paid little heed when the board conceded last August that its policy could now be characterized as one of "restraint."

Though the decisions of the nation's money managers may be hard to follow, it is easy enough to appreciate their impact on our daily lives. Already people who are planning to buy a house are finding that it's harder than it used to be to arrange for a mortgage. Unless they are old customers with gilt-edge credit, businessmen are discovering that their banks are more than ordinarily reluctant to make a loan. If they do get the loan, they find that it is costing them more than it did a year ago.

Without going into such recondite matters as "reserves" and "discount rates," it is sufficient to say that the Federal Reserve Board is intent these days on making money scarcer, and on making it more expensive. That is what is meant by a monetary policy of "restraint."

Why should the Federal Reserve, with an assist from the Treasury, the Federal Home Loan Board and other Federal agencies, be making money scarce and expensive at this particular time?

The answer is that unless they do, there is danger that our roaring economy may jump the rails and crack up. In the old days, when we knew much less about the economy than we know now, people thought that a bust followed a boom as inevitably as night the day. Now by controlling the boom, by preventing it from tailing off into a price inflation, we have reasonable hopes of avoiding a bust.

Even if people do not understand all the intricacies of monetary policy, it helps very much if they know the broad objectives the Government has in mind. In the present case, for instance, Washington is warning us that credit expansion has reached, or threatens to reach, a dangerous level. It is inviting us to help it

keep the boom under control by disciplining our native American propensity to buy things on the cuff.

In other words, the Government is reminding us of a fundamental economic truth. When the supply of goods exceeds demand, an expansion of credit stimulates production and jobs. When demand exceeds supply, as it does in many lines today, then credit expansion only stimulates prices and sends them soaring into the stratosphere. Up till now, prices at the retail level have been remarkably stable, but evidence accumulates that this ideal state of affairs may not long endure. Already auto makers have announced higher price tags on their new models.

Only the other day we happened on some good old-fashioned advice which we gladly pass along to our readers. Discussing the credit problem in the *AFL News-Reporter* for September 2, Nancy Pratt recalled that as a rough rule it is unwise for a family to obligate itself to much more than 10 per cent of its income. If your monthly payments on loans and charge accounts are running beyond that, maybe this isn't the time to be thinking about that new television set or that power-packed 1956 hardtop convertible.

What and why are book reviews?

An amusing note in the "Under Review" column in the September 3 *London Bookseller* points out that laments are loud in some quarters because "reviews are not what they were." It seconds, with reservations, a suggestion made earlier in the *London Times Literary Supplement* that readers of reviews would be helped if they were let in on a secret: poor reviewers fall into four classes.

The "wrong-aimers" insist that the author should have written a different kind of book, and the "pouncers," detecting a sympathy to which they are themselves allergic, brand the book as partisan. Then come the "disproportioners," who seize on some inadequacy in the book and spend half their space to put matters right; finally, the "niggers" really approve of the book, but feel that they have failed in their duty if they do not belittle or damn with faint praise.

Our English literary cousins are more consistently concerned with the quality of reviews than we seem to be. This the *Bookseller* column manifests from week to week. In the May 6 *Times Literary Supplement* T. S. Eliot is quoted as making a distinction between reviewing and criticism—a distinction, it must be admitted, that is a little too simple. Mr. Eliot thinks that "a note or an article is a review when the reader is not supposed to have read the book under discussion; it is criticism when the reader is presumed to have read it." Yet even a review, Eliot continues, qualifies as criticism "if it contains enough learning or wisdom over and above what is called for by the book reviewed, or if it is a statement of enduring value."

The distinction between reviewing and criticism is taken up occasionally by U. S. literary pundits. In the *Dictionary of World Literature* (Philosophical Library, 1943), J. Donald Adams devotes an article to the sub-

ject. He believes that the essential distinction is that "in criticism, the emphasis is on appraisal; in reviewing, on information."

If the reviewer places the work in question in its relation to a literary trend . . . or if his judgment is presented within a frame of reference built out of the reviewer's standards, his knowledge of the field involved and of the best work that has been done in it, then he may be said to have written interpretative criticism. His review has been in the direction of what a review, on its best level, should be.

This second issue in our new format may be a good occasion for AMERICA to assure readers that such an ideal in reviewing is what we are constantly aiming at. We may not unfailingly hit the bull's-eye, but all the reviewers who so selflessly collaborate week in and week out certainly have a higher goal than merely to give information about books. They are endeavoring to form standards of taste and judgment; they are steadily placing books in a "framework," literary and moral, which will not only guide the reader but enrich his background and refine his taste.

This is not an easy task. Some 2,000 books a year come through the Literary Editor's office. About 1,500 of these get sent to reviewers, and of the reviews written and returned about 800 are printed each year. There is, you will recognize, a certain winnowing process before you finally get the reviewer's judgment of a book.

We sincerely trust that you have felt up to now that our reviewers have not been "wrong-aimers, pouncers, disproportioners or niggers," but rather appraisers, whose work consistently moves on the level of reviewing at its best—the level of criticism. If we slither from that level, your comments could be a life line to pull us back up.

Grateful Thanks Across An Ocean

The contemplative nuns of Italy and their friends at the *Civiltà Cattolica* desire to thank the readers of AMERICA for their generous response to the appeal for the indigent sisters of Italy's cloistered convents (AM. 8/27). As of September 15 they had received about \$2,200 as well as promises of continuing aid. The people of one parish, for example, have arranged to "adopt" a particular convent and then send what they can. A gracious benefactor wrote that he decided to buy a less expensive car and send the difference in price to the contemplatives of Italy. A group of seminarians sent a contribution with this message: "We feel that it is closer in a way to justice than charity that we should be of aid to you. We owe the nuns so much." AMERICA joins the nuns and the *Civiltà* in expressing its thanks and its hopes that this gracious and generous work will continue.

An Open Letter to Dr. Hutchins

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins
Fund for the Republic
New York, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Hutchins:

Criticisms heaped on the Fund for the Republic in recent months have been prompted, we hope, by a misconception. We are sorry that in the flinging of charges you have been bruised and public confidence undermined. Perhaps that confidence can be restored and the bruises healed if the common ground held by both sides can be staked out and defined.

Your critics speak as though you and the Fund take a far-left position: soft toward communism. Your defense implies that your critics do not believe in democratic discussion. Each side assumes that there are but two positions to be taken, right or left, and that the other side is at least suspect of warped Americanism.

We believe that the air would be cleared by a suggestion that there are three general positions which loyal Americans can take. (This excludes the hate groups on the extreme right and the subversive fronts on the extreme left.)

Three Positions

These three positions are like three interlocking circles, not mutually exclusive, but holding certain areas in common. Yet each has its own distinctive tenets. These positions are:

1. On the right is a fringe of alarmists who suspect all change. They are unsympathetic to advances in social justice and indifferent to real problems in civil liberties.

2. On the left fringe are those who in their fierce defense of freedoms deny all moral limits in human society. In their opinion there is nothing right or wrong in itself; there is no mode of conduct beyond debate or adoption by society. They agree completely with your words at Atlantic City on September 19 that the essence of Americanism is discussion.

3. The bulk of Americans take a middle position. The mainstream of our tradition holds that men have a dignity stemming from their creation by God and from their eternal destiny. Any treatment of men inconsistent with that dignity is wrong. In other words, Americans in general recognize a moral order antecedent to government and not subject to man's repeal or amendment.

The Declaration of Independence puts it this way: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. . . ."

On April 28, 1952 the U. S. Supreme Court affirmed: "We are a religious people whose constitutions presuppose a Supreme Being" (*Zorach v. Clausen*).

President Eisenhower in his inaugural address reaffirmed the American tradition when he proclaimed our "faith in the deathless dignity of man, governed by eternal moral and natural laws."

Americans hold that to maintain these principles is to be neither narrow nor adverse to progress. They believe that men through their own consciences, as well as through centuries of discussion, have grasped some knowledge of this unchanging moral order. This knowledge, they hold, has taught us much about both the rights and obligations of men toward each other. They believe that progress in political society and in civil liberties is an evolving thing as men perceive more and more of the moral law's content.

Boundaries of Discussion

A moral code, therefore, based on man's relationship to God, provides traditional boundaries around "discussion" of change and progress in American society. Americans are, of course, free to deny that these boundaries exist. But when they do so, they label themselves as opposed to American tradition.

Thus, when the spokesman for an organization announces that the essence of Americanism is discussion and makes no mention of the moral order as a basis for evaluating discussion, public confidence in that organization is weakened. The American people are the greatest champions of change and progress. But they know that desirable change and true progress occur only within the framework of the moral order.

There is, fortunately, in this controversy no question about loyalty. Loyal Americans are found in each of the three groups: those who suspect change, those who pose no limit to change and those who encourage change consistent with man's nature.

As stated above, these three positions interlock and hold certain principles in common. We hope that a further unfolding of tenets held by both sides would reveal that you and Congressman B. Carroll Reece and Seaborn Collins, National Commander of the American Legion, hold much in common and agree that your differences of opinion are legitimate differences.

The American people would appreciate a statement of fundamental principles which would restore their confidence in the Fund's very valuable work of seeking "effective procedures for dealing with the Communist menace while at the same time strengthening the American traditions of liberty and freedom."

The Editors

Rev. John M. Corridan, S.J.'s work on the New York docks inspired the Columbia picture "On the Waterfront," which last March brought Oscars to Marlon Brando and its makers. Budd Schulberg in his recent "Waterfront" (Random House) used Father Corridan as the prototype of his "Father Barry." Father Corridan is assistant director of the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations in New York City.

WATERFRONT

By Father Corridan

IN THE PAST TEN YEARS there have been 6 major strikes and over 200 partial work stoppages on the New York waterfront. The immediate prospects for waterfront peace and stability are bleak. Present difficulties stem from the Waterfront Commission Compact between the States of New Jersey and New York, which went into effect on December 1, 1953.

To understand the compact and its application by the Waterfront Commission of New York Harbor it is necessary to recognize the conditions which brought about the compact. Those conditions arose out of the following five basic factors: 1) a chronic oversupply of workers, 2) a racketeer-controlled union, 3) a weak employers' organization, 4) the difficulty of law enforcement, 5) the serious threat to the harbor's pre-eminence as the world's greatest seaport.

Too Many Longshoremen

In December, 1952, John V. Lyon, chairman of the New York Shipping Association, testified before the New York State Crime Commission that the regular longshore work force in the preceding year (1951-2) was 707 gangs. Since 22 men normally constitute a gang, the regular work force therefore numbered over 15,500 men. Though Mr. Lyon claimed that 22,000 was the maximum needed on a peak day, he had to admit that 44,000 men were paid in 1951-2 for longshore work.

Figures available for the years before and after 1951-2 show that 1951-2 was a typical year, and make it evident that the docks were 100 per cent overmanned. In 1953-4, some 33,500 men were employed. With 640 gangs then in the harbor, work for 450 was a high mark. Including extra labor employed outside the regular gangs, the busiest days gave employment to 15,000 or 16,000 men.

This chronic oversupply of workers is reflected in longshore earnings. In 1953-4, when the longshore base hourly pay was \$2.35, employer records reveal that out of 33,500 men, 20,157 earned less than \$3,000 a year. More than 9,000 out of this latter group earned less than \$200 and should be considered as men who worked elsewhere but sought supplemental income on the docks.



Nearly 6,000 men were in the \$3,000-\$4,000 bracket. Over 5,200 were in the \$4,000-\$5,000 bracket. About 2,100 men earned \$5,000 or better.

It is a matter of record that neither the New York Shipping Association (NYSA) nor the International Longshoremen's Association, Independent (ILA), has shown any interest in raising longshore work above the level of casual labor. The employers are seemingly afraid of having to compete for the services of a regu-

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larized group of qualified workers under the control of the ILA, and prefer that the men compete among themselves in large numbers for the work available. The ILA has always been more interested in collecting initiation fees and dues by keeping the union membership books open than in closing the books to promote stability of employment among the existing work force. The ILA recently demanded in the press that the Waterfront Commission close the register of approved longshore workers. It could safely make this gesture since the compact doesn't permit the commission to do so.

Gangster Control

The December, 1952 hearings before the State Crime Commission brought out the fact that the ILA and the docks were thoroughly infested with gangsters and racketeers. Upon the conclusion of the hearings, the AFL's executive council on February 3, 1953 gave the ILA certain directives along with an ultimatum to clean house or get out of the AFL.

The AFL's directives were, in brief: 1) to get rid of union representatives with criminal records; 2) to get rid of international or local union officers who had received gifts or bribes from employers or had appointed former convicts to union jobs; 3) to abolish the shapeup system of hiring, "which encourages kickbacks and other objectionable practices," and to replace it with "a system of regular employment and legitimate hiring methods" (in the shape-up system, the men gather around a hiring boss on a pier every morning, and the boss decides who works that day and who doesn't); 4) to restore "recognized democratic procedures" that would let members elect "true and capable trade union leaders . . . free of the taint of crime and racketeering." The ILA ports outside New York wanted to comply with the AFL's directives but were defeated by New York. On September 21, 1953 the AFL expelled the ILA from its ranks. To this day the ILA in New York hasn't complied with a single one of the AFL's directives.

Centers of Power

From a structural standpoint, the key to the ILA in New York is the (harbor) district council. Every local in the harbor, whether longshore or an allied craft, is entitled to representation on the district council. As the ILA-NYSA longshore contract is harbor-wide, the district council is all-powerful. Prior to 1953 the few democratic longshore locals found they were completely frustrated in the district council, where the mob element controlled the majority of votes. These democratic locals sparked the wildcat contract strikes of 1945 and 1948 that did so much to improve the material conditions of the longshoremen.

The twin power centers on the New York waterfront were the posts of hiring boss and boss loader. Whether the contract called for the joint designation of hiring bosses by union and shipping company or designation by the company alone, the ILA in practice named the hiring bosses on every pier. The hiring boss was a member of the ILA and, whether an ex-convict or not, was

subject to all the pressures a racket union could bring to bear in the hiring of men through the shape-up.

Because New York is a trucking and lightering port rather than a railroad port, the spot of boss loader in controlling the loading of trucks was pivotal. With a few exceptions, loading was run as a mob operation. Loaders were hired and paid the longshore hourly rate. The boss loader and his associates split the profits, which many times were enlarged by charging more than the going rates. These overcharges were levied in particular on out-of-town truckers.

From the twin advantage of controlling hiring and loading, together with tight organizational discipline, many of the ILA officials shared in the tens of millions of dollars that were collected annually, not only from initiation fees, union dues and loading, but also from phony collections, kickbacks, loansharking, all forms of gambling, extortion, payroll padding and organized stealing. It is significant that in the 40 years' existence of the ILA in the harbor, the first official strike called by the union over a new contract was in the fall of 1953, when the expiring agreements read like company-union contracts.

Complaisant Employers

The record of the steamship and stevedoring industry, as an industry, was no better than that of the ILA. Before the New York State Crime Commission concluded its year-and-a-half investigation of the New York waterfront, it "examined in executive session over 700 witnesses, held about 1,000 hearings, took over 30,000 pages of testimony, conducted about 4,000 interviews." The commission drew these conclusions in its Fourth Report to the Governor, the Attorney General and the Legislature of the State of New York:

While perhaps some of the steamship and stevedoring companies are doing the best they can, many have yielded to the pressures and temptations of existing conditions. This has aggravated the situation and has produced a sense of despair and futility even among those who have wanted or tried to do something about it.

The commission found that: 1) there was collusion between steamship and stevedoring companies on the one hand and union officials on the other; 2) it was not an unusual practice for certain stevedoring companies to make payments to officials of steamship companies or agents to gain or continue stevedoring contracts; and most of the stevedoring companies expended amounts of cash for which they could not account, and some companies altered their books and records to conceal payments made to union officials and others.

High Cost of Lawlessness

Law enforcement on the New York waterfront has always been extremely difficult. The basic problem has not been crime as such, but how to straighten out the archaic and chaotic labor-management setup from which habitual waterfront crimes are spawned. The local police departments, as well as State and Federal law-enforcement agencies, the local district attorneys

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as well as the State attorney generals and the Federal district attorneys, were never intended to tackle a job like that.

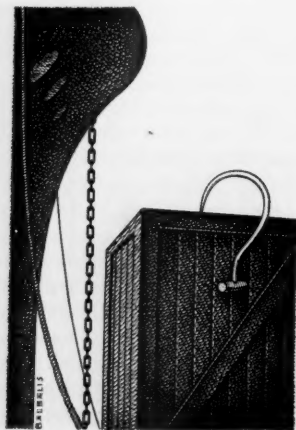
These four factors and the consequent unrest of the men, manifested in the bitter 25-day wildcat strike of 1951, generated the fifth factor: New York, through a process of attrition, is losing out to competing ports in the handling of general cargo. It has been estimated that as much as 10 per cent of the cargo diverted from strikebound New York never returns. It is true that New York's high percentage of antiquated facilities makes for high-cost operation and that certain discriminatory rail rates militate against the prosperity of the harbor, but it is chaotic labor-management relations that have delivered the real body blow to the harbor's reputation for service.

The Waterfront Commission Compact

Since the Longshoremen's Association and the Shipping Association were either unable or unwilling to cope with the anarchy on the waterfront, the Governors and the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey were compelled to act in the interests of the common good. Using the police powers of the States, they created the Waterfront Commission Compact. As a law the compact is a drastic and extraordinary act of government intervention. It is recognized as such in its charter. The compact specifies that such intervention is to be of a temporary nature.

A fundamental premise of the compact was that the clean elements among the principals would cooperate with the commission to devise a decent and stable labor-management setup in the harbor, and eventually render the commission and the compact no longer necessary. That premise up until now has proved to be false. The leaders of the ILA have done everything in their power to obstruct and destroy both the commission and the law. If those same leaders had spent half their time and energies in cleaning up their own "union" and working out with the shipping people a regularized longshore setup that would give the legitimate longshoreman a genuine seniority system, the commission and the law could have been well on the road to becoming little more than an unhappy memory.

In late June, 1953 the compact was passed unanimously by the Legislature of New York and with only one dissenting vote by the Legislature of New Jersey. The compact was ratified unanimously by both houses of Congress and signed August 12 by President Eisenhower. The law became effective December 1, 1953.



Provisions of the Compact

In the compact, the former control of public loading by loading bosses was outlawed. Loading or unloading now may be performed only by licensed stevedoring firms or the trucking concerns or consignees involved. The shape-up itself was outlawed. To help in the removal of racketeer control and in taking longshore work out of the category of casual labor, the compact allowed the hiring of regular gangs upon proper notification from the employer, but provided that the hiring of extras had to be done in 13 State Hiring Centers under the following limitations:

1. The stevedoring concern has to be licensed under strict provisions intended to prevent commercial bribery.

2. Hiring and dock bosses may no longer be members of the same union as the rank and file.

3. Selection of hiring and dock bosses as supervisors is within the sole jurisdiction of the companies employing them and not subject to duress by the union.

4. The selection of hiring and dock bosses has to be approved through a licensing system. It is within the discretion of the commission to refuse a license to an applicant who has been guilty of serious crime and cannot submit satisfactory evidence to the commission "that he has for a period of not less than five years . . . so conducted himself as to warrant the grant of such license."

5. Only registered longshoremen, checkers and clerks can be hired. Again it is within the discretion of the commission to refuse registration to those men who—according to the norms established in the law—the commission considers should be excluded in order to maintain law and order on the waterfront.

6. A longshoreman, checker or clerk—apart from some good cause, such as illness—has to work or apply for work eight days in a month or run the risk of being dropped from the register. Over 40,000 men have been registered, but 8,000 have been dropped. At present over 32,000 are registered. Another 5,000 will be dropped because of insufficient work appearances. Approximately 300 men are added to the register each month. Gradually, with no help from the ILA, some equality between the size of the work force and the amount of work available is being approached.

Every man involved in a registration or licensing proceeding has the right to legal counsel and is given 15 days to prepare his case. A hearing officer of the commission takes the testimony. This officer's report is sent to one of three legal advisors, who sends it to the man's lawyer, so that he can have his say. The whole record then goes to the commission's general counsel, who studies it and brings it to the commissioners. The commissioners read it and render a decision. If the decision is unfavorable, the man can get a rehearing within 30 days. Three or four men have won reversals.

The action of the commission with respect to every man in a licensing or registration proceeding is subject to judicial review in the courts of the States. Six proceedings to review the commission's actions have been

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brought to date, and in every instance the commission was upheld.

In the ILA's illegal strike in September against the commission and in violation of their contract, ILA leaders presented six complaints against the commission—to the press but not to the commission. Of the six only one merits any consideration, the charge that the commission is inhumane in its treatment of men with prison records. The facts are that over 7,000 men with records applied for cards. Of the 650 men who were denied cards, 47 per cent failed to appear for their hearings. As far as the rest were concerned, the ILA only went through the motions of defending a man, unless he was "one of the boys."

In the next waterfront strike, when you read a statement from an ILA official that the men are fed up with the Waterfront Commission, interpret the statement the way you would a Soviet communiqué about the feelings of the Russian people. Remember that the ILA official is drawing his salary during the strikes, but the men are not earning any money and see more business leaving New York harbor on account of the strike. The truth is that certain leaders of the ILA are being hurt by the law and the commission; their take isn't what it used to be. The individual longshoreman is no better off than he was before the compact so far as his take-home pay and security are concerned, *because his "union" leaders are still failing to do a job for him.* He above all can say "Amen" to the comment on the waterfront by the New York State Board of Inquiry:

Many of the conditions on the waterfront are a sad commentary, not only on the business and labor organizations which have been responsible for or have tolerated them, but also on the governmental and community forces which have permitted them to exist.

How long, one must wonder, will the world's greatest city, as it likes to call itself, tolerate the rule of the gangster and the gun on its waterfront?

To Our Readers

Your prompt comments on the new AMERICA are just beginning to climb to a crescendo as this issue goes to press. Some of you said "Ugh!" to the magenta slash down the spine of the Oct. 1 issue; others liked it. To those who didn't, a word of assurance: it will not be there every week. Color means an extra run on the presses, costs about \$300 more. So we can't afford to splash often. One comment came from a usually laconic man whose judgment we value:

I read something from every page. I read more than I had intended to read. I read from no sense of duty. I read what I read because I found it interesting.

Thanks, friends, for your letters and for your generous response to the appeal for new subscribers.

EDITOR

Tell Us about America

Koji J. Shimazu

ON PIER 4 in Yokohama, a score of Japanese students, just returned from a few years in America, huddled for interviews.

"Mr. K., what do you think of America and Americans?"

The answers to this important question were widely varied. But the results were generally the same. Americans impressed them as friendly, happy, generous and human. They have plenty of food and lots of cars. The country is not aggressive, and materially is much stronger than the Soviet Union. A pleasant, even flattering reaction, certainly. But can Americans be satisfied with this as an *evaluation* of their country? Is this enough for students to take home—students who came to learn about America, and whose reactions weigh heavily among their countrymen?

According to a census of the foreign students compiled by the Institute of International Education, there were 33,833 foreign students—1,294 from Japan alone—enrolled in universities and colleges in the United States in the school year 1953-54. And the number is on the upgrade. The Federal Government sponsors a substantial number of foreign students annually under the Fulbright Act. Many others are assisted by scholarships and private gifts. They are brought here to understand America. When they go home, they are supposed to acquaint their countrymen with the America they have met and to utilize their American-acquired knowledge and skills in helping their own countries.

On Their Own

The sponsoring of foreign students is a significant enterprise. Trite or not, it is a fact that these students are potential political and social leaders. What they learn here will deeply affect the course of their nations in the future. How they meet this country is important. But after the students are brought to the United States and enrolled in college, the job of understanding America is almost always left to them alone. Orientation courses, lasting usually from two to six weeks, polish up their English, teach them some American social conventions and suggest the ways by which the newcomers can best adjust themselves to their new milieu.

There are clubs, International Houses, etc., where foreign students meet one another. But these club activities are directed mainly to social life among the foreign students themselves and to the presentation of their various cultures to the Americans, rather than to

Mr. Shimazu is a graduate student from Japan at the University of Notre Dame.

their understanding of America. Of course, there are always several friendly Americans who stick around these clubs and help the foreigner in his effort to orientate himself. But these acts of friendship are often too incidental.

Foreign students studying in the United States do not face any organized "propaganda." The individualism and freedom of the American people leave the foreign students on their own. It is up to them to discover the merits of the United States; if they should not be interested, that is their own concern. Surely, visiting students do not want to be forced to meet Americans. Nor would we like to be pressed into programs by which we are supposed to become active propagandists for America. But we *are* interested in *understanding* America—not only the American students we meet on the campus, but America as a whole. Our opportunities are unfortunately very inadequate.

One day, in an international-relations class, the students were tackling the problem of America's loss of so many people in Asia after sending many dollars and showing much good will there. Why did Soviet communism win them? One of the conclusions the students reached was related to Russian propaganda methods. Communism had adopted the policy of employing Moscow-trained native young men and women to spread the ideas of communism and to promote agitation and guerrilla activities.

Communist Techniques

European colonialism has implanted in Asian minds a distrust of any foreign intervention. By using native men and women the Communists could identify their activities with native ambitions. When Americans offered American clothes, canned food and dollars, Russia countered this "foreign" approach with Moscow-inspired agents who were native by birth and communistic by training. Moscow won the round.

An American youth stood up and asked:

"Well, what's the matter? We have a lot of foreign students in the United States from Japan, China, Germany, Indochina, Burma, India, France, Italy and what not. I understand that the U. S. Government foots the bill for many of them. Don't they campaign for us? Don't they speak for us?"

To answer this question adequately, we must compare tactics in the "war of minds" between the Communist and democratic camps. In fact, this comparison by itself very nearly solves the problem.

The Soviet Union, in the education of the youth of satellite countries and of politically uncertain Asian nations, very strongly emphasizes political education. Students of medicine and engineering must take intensive political courses; in fact, politics is the pivotal point in Red education. Correspondents who had the chance of going to Eastern Europe report that the medical students have to spend four to six hours studying politics for each three hours of professional training.

Any one can see that such an education is unbalanced and unsound. Certainly, when I got sick, I wouldn't

like to consult a quack doctor who spent more time on politics than on his medical courses. Yet we should not laugh off this Soviet scheme of education simply as ridiculous—it brings results. Our counterparts educated in the Soviet Union would say in their interview on Yokohama's Pier 4:

"I was deeply impressed with the sincere desire of the Soviet Government to build a better world. The people there enjoy equality; there is no racial discrimination. Government officials, teachers and friends expressed again and again their respect for Japan and its people. They are all eager to have Japan as their equal partner in the noble enterprise of securing peace and democracy in the world." And these students would be sufficiently equipped mentally and emotionally to convey to others this impression of theirs.

Speak Up for America

If the Soviet Union is most extreme in its effort to sell itself to foreign students, the United States is at the other extreme in its "let them do it" approach. It is most unlikely that foreign students in medicine, engineering or even in business take any course in American history, political philosophy or government. They do not bother about democracy and do not care about their inability to explain what the American concepts of equality and freedom are. They say that they are too busy in their scientific or professional studies and cannot fool around with abstract ideas, or "dirty politics," as some Americans put it.

When they are aboard ship to return home, their knowledge of American politics is no greater than what they might have acquired in their native high schools. Some will refute me, saying that, after all, by living in the United States, these students had an ample opportunity to observe the American way of living and to make American friends. This is important, certainly, but hardly enough. By a rather small positive effort, Americans can make these students far more competent and enthusiastic friends of America in the battle against Communist penetration.

Foreign students should meet some organized "truth propaganda" in and out of the classroom, by which they could be exposed to the philosophical strength of democracy and to the promise American democracy holds in practical terms for their peoples. They would then have something to tell, something more penetrating and significant than the mere personal impressions with which they must now be satisfied. If they could find among Americans real respect for and interest in their nations, they could counter the Red propaganda with sincerity and conviction.

The United States has to sell itself to the awakening nations in Asia and Africa. It has so much to give, not only financially but ideologically and spiritually as well, to these peoples. It is clear that the struggle between the free countries and the Soviet Union is being fought on the fundamental premises of democracy. All free peoples believe in freedom and national independence as the essential conditions of human living. But America must remember that Communist agents can

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cleverly disguise from Asians the real nature of communism and make it sound very welcome to Asian ears, tired of the sound of war. Asian fringe nations are eager for peace, and the words "Russian" and "communist" do not have the stigma there that they have in America.

Poised precariously between the two armed camps, Asia finds hasty alliance with either of the two great powers very dangerous. Pro-Westernism was one of the major reasons for Premier Yoshida's defeat in the recent Japanese elections; and his successor, Hatoyama, by talking of rapprochement with Red China and the Soviet Union, is winning immense popularity. The question does not have, in Asia, the obvious pro-Western answer that Americans see. Asia must be won to one camp or another from *within*. Russia, unfortunately, is meeting the challenge with success through its well-organized propaganda.

Tomorrow's Leaders

The foreign students in America are the future leaders of the politically immature potential partners in the United States' crusade for building a happy international society where man's fundamental rights and the independence of nations will be respected. The United States has been carrying on a powerful and expensive fight against communism, which opposes fundamentally these essential premises of freedom. Its people should pay a bit more attention to these visiting students, potential leaders of America's potential partner nations.

It is true that the skill and technological knowledge these students acquire here will help raise the standard of living in their home countries; to this extent they certainly fight against communism. But by a little more care and planning, they could be made far better exponents of the cause of freedom. First-hand knowledge is hard to beat. What these students find in America will make a lasting impression upon them and upon their countrymen. Why not send them back with knowledge of democracy and faith in it, as the Soviets return their foreign students with burning missionary fervor for communism? Why not fight the Communists' persuasive falsehoods with more persuasive truth?

I want to hear the foreign students back from the United States stress the democratic realities of American life, and America's genuine desire to help Japan and other insecure nations to be free and happy. A typical American attitude is "Let's do it, rather than say it." But skilful exposition of a cause is also important. Silence is taken as a sign of indifference and capitulation.

American democracy is better, sounder and more human, and can win enthusiasm on a much wider and more permanent basis than communism. We foreign students in the United States love American liberty and respect it, but are left to choose our food of inspiration without a menu. *Why don't Americans sell themselves?* Give us what we need so that we can best fight for the cause of freedom, so that American freedom may find a real home in hopeful lands.

Feature "X"

Divided We Fall



SIX YEARS AGO I faced my big decision. My problem was not that of deciding whether to break up my marriage or to hold it together for the sake of the children and keep the semblance of a "normal" home. My husband had fallen in love with another woman and wanted to marry her; so that particular decision was not mine to make. The problem that faced me was the sharing of our children with my husband and his new wife.

End of a Home

Since he was determined to begin a new life with this woman, even though it meant giving up his family, his job, his religion, there was little hope for eventual reconciliation. During the first few months of our separation, there was no problem in sharing the children. He seemed to have forgotten their very existence and made no attempt to visit them or even to inquire about their health. I am sure it was this initial disinterest that clinched my eventual plea for complete and permanent custody.

Because I intended to remain a Catholic, the fact that he was taking steps to secure a civil divorce meant nothing to me, at first. I say "at first," because I did not realize that as a Catholic I was obliged to contest his divorce action. I agreed to let him initiate the proceedings and to accept them passively. I learned through the diocesan chancery, however, that I must answer his petition, and was advised to enter a cross-petition. With legal verbiage, I stated in my bill that my husband "showed no interest in or affection for the children."

The Father They Didn't Know

It was after his receipt of this cross-petition that he manifested his first acknowledgment of the children since our separation. He immediately asked to be allowed to visit them and was assured by his attorney that this was his legal right. Of course it was his legal right, but what of the children? They were young enough to forget him completely. They had not missed him during these months because there was nothing to miss. There were no stories Daddy used to read, no prayers Daddy used to hear. There were no memories of

ball-playing with Daddy, or of the rough-house and wrestling common between most fathers and their children.

Were they to remember anything—and thank God they don't—it would have been how, evening after evening, all shined up for dinner, they watched and waited for Daddy to turn in the drive. By the time Daddy did turn in the drive, they were long since in bed. They never knew of the nights Daddy didn't show up at all. They never knew the wonderful family unity shared by so many lucky ones and, never knowing it, they never missed it.

So, I pleaded with him, begged him to give up his legal right of visitation. I thought of the years ahead when the children would be shipped off for their annual vacation with Daddy and his wife. I thought of the probability that the time would come when Daddy, having a new family with his new wife, would accept this visitation only because it was his legal right. Or worse, if the court stipulated a division of time with the children, wouldn't it be easy to throw off this legal obligation, having already ignored his moral obligation?

Could children survive without scars a situation as divisive as this would be? I knew of children who, after an afternoon or a vacation visit with their Daddy and his wife, returned home resentful and discontent, altogether unhappy. Their visit was one big party, and the routine of everyday living was hard to take. Mother became the bogey who, of necessity, must often say "no" to their every whim.

I asked him what he could offer the children—not financially, but spiritually or even socially. He would be like a playmate, whom they would occasionally see. They would miss him when he was gone; that was such good candy! In having the children, we took on the obligation of establishing a home, a permanent home where they would be loved and guided by the *two* people who loved each other enough to bring them into the world. Failing in this, had he, had we, any right to offer them a cheap substitute?

My arguments for the welfare and stability of the children fell on deaf ears. He could not believe that I was speaking out of an unselfish concern for the children. He could not foresee the perplexities of the situation. The one thing he could understand, however, was that with this legal right of his, he also assumed a very real legal obligation, that of support. So finally, in exchange for freedom from financial obligation toward the children, he agreed. He agreed, and *signed away all right to them!* Much as I hoped to spare the children from being torn between loyalty to me and to their father and his new wife, I could not but be stunned by his complete withdrawal. He proved unmistakably that my suspicions of his lack of paternal affection were well founded. For less than the price of a monthly payment on a new TV, he sold out his rights to the children. Small loss to them, say I.

I have never regretted my "victory." The peace of mind and unity I have enjoyed with my children cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Children cannot be

handed back and forth, taken for the week end, returned when the time is up, slightly disheveled, sleepy-eyed and full of popcorn and sodas.

Fatherless Family

Second-best is not good enough for my children. Have I the temerity to say that alone, without the visits of their father, without his financial support (as meager as the court would permit), I can do a better job for them? Yes, I do say that, and I firmly believe it. I believe that alone I have been able to spare them from more than the usual suffering that children without both parents *together* must experience. We have a good life, my children and I. There is no deceit. There is no jealousy, no fear of disgrace. They have, in me, as much as is possible for one parent to give. They have more than is possible for two divorced parents to give.

Of course there have been rough times for us. But mostly, our life has been happy. Sure, there are Cub Scout projects, when Daddy is supposed to work "man to man" with his Cub son. There have been Father-Son Communion breakfasts when I have watched with a lump in my throat too big to dissolve into tears, watched our son unobtrusively join the line of Dads and boys, and walk alone. But he would have had to walk alone to Communion even if his father "shared" him. Wouldn't that be even worse?

After dinner on long spring evenings, Dads manage to revive their energy for a few minutes or a few innings of ball in the lot with the boys. They help the kids perfect their pitch, watch proudly when they exhibit their "fast ball," and then wind up the evening's play with a slap on the shoulder and a careless, "Nice goin', son." I know how I feel watching this camaraderie. I can imagine how our boy feels. But would his feelings be any different if he knew that across the city, his own father lives? Lives not with his second wife and the two children he had with her, but with his *third* wife and the children *she* had by a previous marriage.

What will I tell them when the time comes, as it will, when they ought to know the truth? Of course there have been questions already, easy ones compared to the ones ahead. I pray that I will do a good job of explaining what has no explanation. How can I explain that two adults took on the responsibility of marriage with less consideration than they would take in deciding on their favorite political candidate? Can they ever understand why we have failed so miserably in what we owed them as parents?

They, the children of divorce, are the victims. They are "Children Anonymous," these poor innocents who are not altogether part of the gang. They are the boys who cannot brag about their Dad's prowess, real or imagined. They are the girls who never know the joy of a proud father's indulgence, even to spoiling them. God forgive us! With God's grace, with submission to His will, we can give these innocents as much as possible, *single-handed*.

Maria Sola

The author lives with her children in the Midwest.

Literature and Arts

T.S. Eliot: Christian Poet

Thomas P. McDonnell

T. S. Eliot has been so generally acclaimed as our greatest living Christian poet that it would almost seem presumptuous to examine the validity of such a claim. In this article I do not mean so much to question the conclusion as to examine the premise.

What, then, makes a Christian poet? For that, after all, is the real question we must ask. It would be high-handed criticism to set down an arbitrary definition—one, that is, that suits a particular and preconceived attitude. Therefore the definition of a Christian poet should be taken at its face value.

Simply, the phrase "Christian poet" explains itself: a Christian poet is one whose work is *Christ-centered*. Granting always, of course, the necessary technical excellence, he sings of Christ. Above all, he celebrates Christ the *Saviour*. The Christian poet must be primarily a poet of the Redemption. For this is the center and circumference of everything he writes. Christ must be in his poetry, and most of all the blood of Christ.

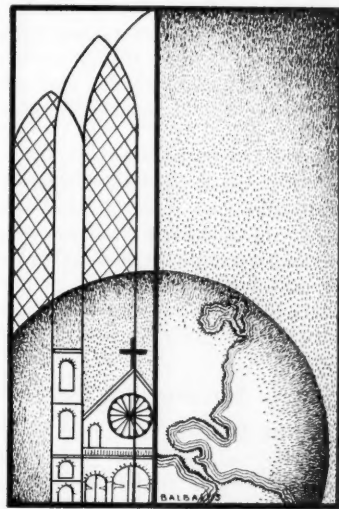
Frankly, there is very little of the blood of Christ to be found in the poetry of T. S. Eliot. That is to say, Christianity is always there in the "religious" poems, but hardly ever do you find Christ there. It is hard to imagine Eliot as a follower of Christ in the Franciscan sense. Now I realize that this seems an enormous presumption on my part, but I am speaking only of what we can see in his poetry. What you see, really, is Christianity abstracted. Eliot, of course, has made an art of sources and references, of lifting lines and phrases from well-known and sometimes very obscure places. He has drawn variously from the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Heraclitus, *The Golden Bough*, and so on. You begin to wonder from all this whether the poetic experience can be genuinely recreated in such a baroque manner.

But, surely, it must be unanimous by now that the art of Eliot, if not above criticism, is certainly above question. The only danger is that you begin to suspect his use of Christianity—whether he has taken the Christian discipline in order to build an intellectual structure for his poems, much the same as Yeats borrowed from magic in order to build his myth. In Eliot's greatest work, *Four Quartets*, the main use of Christianity is historical. Now there is nothing at all wrong with the didactic form today (maybe we need more of it), but you cannot say that it establishes a very real or very personal contact with the reader.

To have said this brings us closer to the heart of the matter. It is, as R. P. Blackmur recognizes, a problem of the difference between devotional and religious

poetry. Now Mr. Blackmur is one of the finest critics we have; he has the good sense and manners to tell you what he is talking about. He does not mean by devotional poetry that vast cluttering of pietistic-sentimental verse with which we are all too familiar. (We cannot, of course, be concerned with something that is not poetry). On the contrary, Mr. Blackmur identifies devotional poetry on a much higher plane than that. For,

... whatever the sincerity, private devotions are likely to go by rote and intention rather than rise to a represented state; there enters too much the question of what ought to be felt to the denigration (and I should say to God's eye) of what is actually felt—and it is this characteristic predicament of the devout which cripples the development of poets like Hopkins and Crashaw, so that we value them most in other, hindered qualities than the devout.



Now the first part of that statement is unarguably true, but the latter part (from the dash sign on) seems to me a classic *non-sequitur*. As if it followed that devotion to God in poetry necessarily crippled the development of the poet's art! And if Hopkins and Crashaw suffered from some strange lack of development, then I for one do not know to what degree the Christian poet *can* develop.

When Mr. Blackmur speaks of "other hindered qualities," I take him to mean, in the case of Hopkins, the quality found in, say, the so-called "terrible sonnets." But surely the struggle, the darkness, the conflict in

The author is a frequent contributor of poetry to AMERICA, Spirit and other journals.

these poems in no way cancel out the devout quality inherent in them. Indeed, there is darkness and passion and conflict to be found in the Psalms, but we must also remember that the Psalms were written by men who carried the devout to its logical end—that is, they poured forth songs of the purest praise to God.

The unfortunate connotations contained in the phrase “devotional poetry” must not be confused with that genuine poetry which is written by men who are authentically religious by nature. This is the key to why Hopkins is a greater Christian poet than T. S. Eliot. Not a greater Christian, mind you, for such a judgment would not only be outside the scope of poetry to consider, but also outside the responsibility, or indeed the capability, of mortal man to judge. John W. Simons has warned us that “. . . the temptation to explore poetry for reasons not directly connected with the poetry is almost irresistible, and the ideas and beliefs of great poets exercise an understandable fascination.”

That, of course, is a fine discipline for the critical mind to have. But it is also possible to agree with Mr. Blackmur that

. . . a man's religion is the last thing we can take for granted about him, which is as it should be; and when a writer shows the animating presence of religion in his work, and to the advantage of his work, the nature of that presence and its linkage deserve at least once our earnest examination.

The most earnest examination, therefore, must distinguish between what is quasi-devotional in poetry and what is truly religious. This we have already done, though probably to nobody's satisfaction. What remains, then, is to determine the true nature of religious poetry, by which we mean Christian poetry. The distinguishing mark is this (but more than a mark, it is the very essence): that Christian poetry is sacramental.

What Is Sacramental Poetry?

Now it would be a pretty neat trick to define axiomatically just what is meant by sacramental poetry. Perhaps I can best explain what I mean by giving some examples. It seems to me that, after David, the first great sacramental poet was St. Francis of Assisi. He saw in nature the countenance of God. The following quotation from Louis Lavelle's *The Meaning of Holiness* is probably as close as we can get to some kind of definition:

The poetry of St. Francis praises God continually for having revealed His presence through His creatures. It extends to the whole panorama of nature. And even in the inner life of the saint it reveals a spirit so spontaneous and innocent that it purifies everything it touches, transfiguring the ugliness of the world, freeing everything from the fetters of the senses; and, by showing us the relation of each thing to God, making it translucent with supernatural light.

The immediate objection to this will be: “Well, that

was all right for the 13th century, but what about today?” The simple answer is: it still goes. For there has been no poetry in our time that has been so thoroughly sacramental as that of Hopkins. I say “in our time,” because Hopkins must be considered a 20th century poet. His poetry seems almost to explode with the energy of divine force. Again, Dylan Thomas, primitive and at times almost pagan, wrote poetry teeming with a symbolism quite as complex as Eliot's. Yet it was Thomas who in so brief a time gave us some of our greatest religious poetry. It has, in other words, the sacramental quality.

“Thin, Beautiful Ichor”

This, I realize, is an extraordinary thing to say—the poet making Christ manifest in his art through the immolation of language. But to whatever degree this can be realized, it does not seem to apply very noticeably to the poetry of Eliot. In the first place, his remoteness sometimes renders him quite unapproachable. He is, of course, abstract. In R. P. Blackmur's essays on Eliot you can go on for pages and see many times the word “Christianity,” but never come across the word “Christ.”

For Eliot the Incarnation was an historical point in time (perhaps *the* historical point in time), as indeed it was, but it never seems more than that, in a personal and even theological sense. You can feel the presence of authority—the Church—but never the mystical body of Christ. These are things you cannot stop short of; they are ultimates in belief. I mention them because they add the last necessary dimension to the art of the Christian poet, infusing his poetry with the sacramental sense of life.

I should like to close now with what seems to me a very profound observation on Eliot. It comes from a review in *Poetry* (Chicago) of Williamson's *A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot*, and was written by Spencer Brown. “Eliot's power and weakness,” this reviewer maintains,

can be summed up in a comparison with one speech in Marlowe: Doctor Faustus, about to be snatched to hell at midnight, quotes Ovid's “*Lente currite noctis equi*.” The irony of that amorous prayer is pure Eliot in its weird appropriateness to scholarly speaker and desperate situation. But Marlowe can go on, as Eliot cannot: “See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament! One drop would save my soul!” In Eliot's poetry neither Christ's blood nor any blood streams in the firmament; a thin, beautiful ichor drips quietly under a rock.

Finally (to violate the image), we have seen Mr. Eliot journey all the way from the Waste Land to Little Gidding; and we have seen him lately return to the scene of cocktail parties, chatting with confidential clerks. It is perhaps this exquisite sense of estrangement that gives Eliot's voice so much meaning to us in this age of quiet desperation.

BOOKS

Missionary to Mandarins

WISE MAN FROM THE WEST

By Vincent Cronin. Dutton. 300p. \$4.50

A hundred years ago it was the fashion to write novels in the form of diaries, confidential letters and messages found in bottles. *Wise Man from the West* is a true story, an unbelievable story, based on a real diary and real letters. Father Matthew Ricci, Jesuit missionary, was the first European to penetrate China. He was the first to learn Chinese well, first to enter the Emperor's palace at Peking. Vincent Cronin has recreated for us Fr. Ricci's life in a dramatic book that ought to become a best-seller and a classic.

Today we think of Russia as a closed country. But China in the 16th century was closed even more tightly, with an almost pathological fear of foreigners. Ricci found it hard to convince the Chinese that other nations knew how to read, that they could build bridges and esteem wisdom. He struggled with the endless Chinese etiquette, which wore on a European's patience, but which simply had to be observed. To be non-Chinese in any small way was to be barbarous.

Ricci met that xenophobia for the first time in Macao in 1582, a newcomer seeking any pretext to pass the forbidden threshold. We read in this account of his life how bureaucrats kept him for 14 years out of Peking. He finally entered the capital city, thanks to his marvelous knowledge of mathematics and astronomy. He predicted eclipses better than the Chinese. He amazed his guests once by reciting from memory, without faltering, a series of Chinese poems that he read over just once.

If East met West head-on in matters of etiquette and dress, there was an even more violent clash when Ricci's Western faith met Eastern beliefs. How far could this missionary, with his Italian sense of diplomacy, accommodate Catholicism to the cultural patterns of China? The Chinese buried their dead, for example, to the sound of firecrackers rather than belfry-bells and organ-music. Could Ricci bury Christians that way? Chinese Buddhist priests wore a conventional garb to mark their calling. Was Ricci right in adopting that garb?

Could he dream of using Chinese at Mass instead of Latin, in a country that found Latin as outlandish as Europeans

found Chinese? A century later all Europe was split wide open by the Chinese Rites problem, as no other issue except that of freewill and grace had divided it. But Ricci had to solve the problem of accommodating the faith to China all by himself.

This is a book of sheer adventure. We have Ricci's own account of capsizing in the river rapids, and of how he commandeered a second junk to save the Minister of War's wives and children. He tells of seeing the New Year welcomed at Nanking, when "more saltpeter was consumed for fireworks than during a three-year war in Europe." Most poignant of all is the deathbed scene, with Ricci living again in far-off Italy of his childhood, smelling the spices of his father's apothecary shop.

Mr. Cronin has given us a wonderfully entrancing book, with a rich choice of words to fit the richly colored scenes. He is to be complimented on such a success in this, his second major book. It is easy to read, hard to put down. *Wise Man from the West* is the October selection of the Catholic Book Club. Through the Club, too, the edition of Ricci's *Journal* by Rev. Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., can be got at a special price. EUGENE K. CULHANE

Great African Query

INSIDE AFRICA

By John Gunther. Harper. 952p. \$6

THE AFRICAN GIANT

By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. \$4

If you ambition getting a place in that little isolation booth to take a quiz on Africa, *Inside Africa* is a good starter. It covers the whole of the African continent, not just south of the Sahara. It's in John Gunther's best "inside" manner: orderly, handy for reference, with neat summaries and helpful tables, a refreshing absence of fluff as well as of jungle zoology, and pleasantly written.

From the author's account of himself it was not just "another" of his series, but something on which he had been collecting notes and ideas for years, in which he took an intense personal interest, working harder at it than at any of the previous "insides." During the course of his trip he took notes on conversations with 1,503 people, and wrote of no country which he and his wife did not actually visit. He refrains, for this reason, from anything but a one-

A moving portrait of the great Dominican . . .

Father Vincent McNabb, O.P.

By Ferdinand Valentine, O.P.

For fifty years Father McNabb loved London, and was loved in return, as were few of his contemporaries. To the poor in the St. Pancras slums, to the learned at the University, to the hecklers in Hyde Park he was the man who understood, the man who cared, the man with the soft answer. His thirty-odd books, written on the backs of old envelopes, stretched from scholarly monographs on Scripture to the economics of subsistence family farming.

Now at last, twelve years after his death, comes a biography cut to the measure of its out-sized subject. Here is the man himself, not merely re-remembered, but sketched in the light of hitherto uncollected materials: personal recollections, letters to his family, correspondence with his giant circle of friends. Here is Vincent McNabb against the backdrop of the London he blessed and bettered. \$4.00

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page mention of Madagascar. He will be a brave man indeed who tries to float another all-Africa popular compendium while John Gunther's book is still on the market.

This serious purpose lends a certain weight, therefore, to Mr. Gunther's conclusions, which he registers briefly after the visit to each country and sums up at the book's finish. He finds, for instance, that the "days of arbitrary, universal, unlimited white domination" are gone forever. Africa needs above all development and education, "no matter at what risk." Race relations are at the bottom of most contemporary friction in Africa. If these are not settled peaceably, the continent "may be lost—to chaos, to cold war, to feudalism or the Communists."

In addition, the white man must make large economic concessions if he hopes to survive peaceably in Africa. As for the universal ferment of nationalism: "colonial abuses are wrong, but this does not mean that nationalism is always right." He gives a sharp, clear-cut answer as to the dangers of communism, on the one hand, and what must be done to prevent it, on the other. He is not enthusiastic about our ambiguous American policy toward Africa.

If you read *The African Giant* after exploring John Gunther, you will be treated to a vivid "inside" of some of the

inside itself. Stuart Cloete, the South African novelist and travel writer, records what he and his wife discovered on their own journey about the world that lies between the Union of South Africa and the northern limit of Black Africa. The book is interestingly illustrated, and the writer, alive to beauty wherever it was found—and Africa is lavish of it—spares the reader little or nothing in coming to grips with the ugly and the repulsive.

Mr. Cloete's book is not for the fastidious. To John Gunther's apprehensions, Stuart Cloete adds a sadder, almost bitter note. He is not a racist; neither white man nor black man can claim a monopoly on wisdom or virtue. But he is acutely fearful lest the African giant lapse back into the jungle once the last restraints are loosed, and sink under the intolerable amount of magic and witchcraft still rampant.

Neither Cloete nor Gunther throws stones at the missions. They are too honest to engage in this particular pastime. Both find the Catholic missionaries agreeably realistic, they respect their views and acknowledge some of the transformations the missions have achieved.

But, for one who judges only from this side of the Middle Passage, two factors need to be taken into account before reaching a conclusion on the conclusions. One is the fact that, with

all reserves and defects, the once-colonial nations seem to be handling their national affairs better than was anticipated. The other is the liberating power of divine grace, if given a chance to reconstruct the individual and society. If Gunther and Cloete had looked further, they might have seen in Uganda, let us say, or in many another section the seed plot of a new Africa, something that seems to have escaped even their expert eyes. JOHN LAFARGE

Brooklyn and Other Indians

WITHIN TWO WORLDS

By David M. Cory. Friendship Press. 177p. \$2

ANSELM WEBER, O.F.M.
Missionary to the Navaho

By Robert L. Wilken. Bruce. 255p. \$4.50

Indians in Brooklyn? Yes, indeed, including a colony of 500 or so expert iron-and-steel workers whose labor has helped to skeletonize such great modern structures as the George Washington Bridge and the United Nations headquarters. Christian Iroquois from the Caughnawaga reserve in the Province of Quebec, founded by Jesuit missionaries in 1668, they offer enduring proof that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," as the author of this book about evangelical work among the Indians points out.

The Catholic Iroquois of Brooklyn are scattered over four parishes; most of the Protestants attend the Cuyler Presbyterian church, of which Dr. David M. Cory is pastor and where he conducts a monthly service in the Iroquois tongue. Integration of the two races into one church community has resulted from the friendly attitude of pastor and flock toward these newcomers.

Dr. Cory is greatly concerned with the needs of the "off-reservation" Indian, confused by the contrast between his two worlds. He sees in these needs a challenge to the Christian churches at this particular turning point in the North American Indian's history. For, in addition to the slow drift into the general stream of the country's life by young people seeking wider opportunities than the reservation affords, there is a speeding of the change-over, caused by "termination." This is the result of bills passed in 1953, over the bitter protests of tribal leaders, which radically affect the Indian's status as a ward of the Government.

SUMMA of the CHRISTIAN LIFE

by LOUIS OF GRANADA, O.P.

Translated and Adapted by Jordan Aumann, O. P.

LOUIS OF GRANADA stands out as one of the foremost, and most prolific of all Dominican writers on the spiritual life. His best and most comprehensive book is this SUMMA OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, not available in English translation until now. Here he displays himself for what he wished and labored to be—a theologian for the laity. He has followed the plan of the great *Summa* of Aquinas almost article by article, to provide a practical spiritual exposition of the mysteries of the Christian faith.

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Indians

Press. 177p.

255p. \$4.50

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This wide-ranging little volume surveys the Indian's past and present opportunities along religious, educational and social lines in various parts of the country. The accent is on the programs sponsored by the National Council of Churches in all the larger Indian schools operated by the Government in communities adjoining these educational centers.

At the Intermountain School in Brigham City, Utah, for example, nearly half of the 2,500 students are of "Protestant preference"; this in an area where Protestantism represents only about one to one and one-half percent of the population. This success is attributed to weekday religious classes in the school, in addition to Sunday services and outside social work. Church and State appear to meet here on common ground.



While concentrating on Protestant activities, the author of *Within Two Worlds* refers occasionally to Catholic undertakings and has particular praise for the leadership given by the Catholic Church to the Menominees of Wisconsin. A pioneer tribal enterprise is a sawmill on the reservation which has been enormously successful in terms of employment and wages paid to the Indians. It also supports the Catholic hospital and the largest school.

He also mentions the Albuquerque Indian School, where a Protestant worker employed by the National Council of Churches acts as coordinator and where "the local Roman Catholic authorities, largely of the Franciscan Order, have cooperated willingly and helpfully."

Dr. Cory devotes considerable attention to the Navahos, but oddly enough, makes no mention of the extraordinary pioneering work done by Father Anselm Weber, O.F.M., the subject of this scholarly biography by Father Robert L. Wilken, a brother Franciscan. Fr. Weber established the first permanent

Catholic mission among the Navahos at St. Michaels, Arizona, with the support of Mother Katharine Drexel, and devoted nearly a quarter of a century of grueling labor to the creation of a new soul in a pagan people, while looking out for their economic interests at the same time.

In 1898 Fr. Weber had his first contact with this hostile group, largest tribe of pagan Indians in the United States and separated from the white race by language, ideological concepts and distrust born of bitter experience. Long before his death, 23 years later, he had won their trust and friendship, the title of Peacemaker, and the tribal distinction of headman. He made few adult converts but his work for the long future was well established and he was eulogized as the Indian's best and most trusted friend.

Fr. Anselm's mission plan to Christianize "The People" (*Diné*) as the Navahos call themselves, followed the avenues of education, the land problem and the Navaho ceremonial. In their complicated land troubles he defended the Navaho rights so vigorously, both in the field and in Washington, that "he became for all practical purposes both land agent and lawyer for the *Diné*." He initiated every major move, from 1907 until his death in 1921, to procure more land for these impoverished people, whose entire economy depends on grazing.

In his strictly missionary work, Fr. Weber's scientific, linguistic and ethnological approach to the barriers between the races made it possible for the friars who worked with him to summarize Navaho religious concepts in an ethnologic dictionary and then to put into Navaho "thought forms" the basic Catholic doctrines. Finally, these concepts were set to Navaho chant melodies, which play such a large part in the ceremonials. Thus he sought to infiltrate the Navaho religion and supplant it with Christianity.

This heroic apostle, who labored in the midst of deep poverty, rugged working conditions and persistent physical suffering, left one sad legacy—the debts contracted for his missions. Fr. Wilken gives a shocking picture of niggardly support for this tremendous enterprise and quotes a Franciscan friend of Fr. Anselm as saying that "the friars would easily have won over the whole second generation of Navaho in the St. Michaels mission shed if the mission had been properly financed."

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Other Books

THE TRUSTING AND THE MAIMED
By James Plunkett. Devin-Adair. 220p. \$3

The title of this book, which is also the title of the first of the ten short stories that make up its contents, appropriately indicates Mr. Plunkett's ironic tone and somber approach to life. No book of short stories to be published here in recent years has reflected so fully and faithfully the dark side of the Irish moon as does *The Trusting and the Maimed*. Thus none affords so compelling a picture of Ireland today, rural and urban, as these stories of harried and at times defeated people. If it is not altogether a romantic or "happy" portrait which Mr. Plunkett draws, perhaps we may conclude that he has given us in these stories of shabby lanes and mean streets a needed corrective to a surfeit of folk story and legend.

Here is an Ireland governed by new men, "Johnny-jump-ups," yet unable to escape its memory of past oppression and the ancient loss. "First Cromwell knocks hell out of us for being too Irish and then Rocky slaughters us for not being Irish enough," says the schoolboy, speaking of his English master in "Weep for Our Pride." Young men with Leaving Certificates cannot find work, and their elders seek consolation for their world's inhospitable loneliness in "a few jars." Yet though there is harshness here, these stories are vibrant with sympathy for those "who had no words for anything except churlishness or anger." And in "Janey Mary," the story of a girl sent

out by her widowed mother to beg for bread, sympathy becomes compassion.

The Trusting and the Maimed perceptively is Ireland, past and present. These pages catch and reflect the terrible, lost beauty of the land, the loneliness of men, the echo of ancient wrongs and the dullness and the glory of living. Can anyone expect more of a book than that? RILEY HUGHES

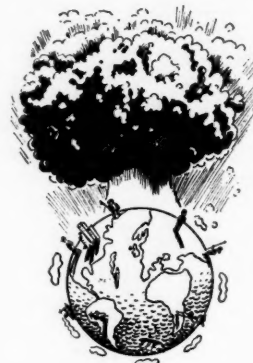
**THE UNITED STATES IN
WORLD AFFAIRS, 1953**

By Richard P. Stebbins. Harper. 512p. \$5

1953 was a year of great significance in both the history of the United States and of contemporary civilization. The number of important happenings during that one year is impressive, but four of them stand out in sharp relief. Early in the year, Dwight D. Eisenhower assumed the office of President of the United States, thereby becoming the first Republican in that post since 1929. Shortly afterwards, Joseph V. Stalin, Premier of the USSR, died, making possible the replacement of his personal rule by one that constitutes ostensibly a plural executive.

The long, monotonous and sanguinary Korean War was halted by an armistice signed by representatives of the United Nations, the Republic of Korea and the Chinese and North Korean Communist regimes. And, finally, on August 12, less than a year after the United States had first successfully achieved a thermonuclear explosion, the Soviet Union matched the earlier American accomplishment.

Of the four events, with all due respect to the persons involved, there can be little doubt that the fourth of these happenings was the most significant, since the peoples of the free world would henceforth be faced with the realization that their earlier advantage had been equalized and that, as a result, they would have to face the possibility of a mass destruction by enemy forces which could be carried out with little or no warning and on a scale that dwarfed imagination.



The four events listed above were by no means the only important ones that concerned the American people in 1953. The Bricker Amendment controversy occupied our attention for a good deal of that time, and while its proponents may have been somewhat bloodied, they are far from unbowed almost two years later. A clean-up of what were pictured as the Augean stables of the State Department and the Foreign Service was launched with a degree of vigor that generated a great deal of heat and some light. This business produced mixed reactions from the public, but it certainly held the interest of large segments of it.

Another onslaught was waged by substantially the same persons against the information program of the State Department and was likewise colorful and revealing to many. The Harry Dexter White case, which appears not over yet, judging from the recent news, also came to the fore for a while and shocked more than a few Americans.

But perhaps the biggest, from the standpoint of importance, of the events of the year not listed among the four mentioned above was the growing realization of the lack of a unified and effective policy toward Communist China. Not only was this true of the United States but of our allies as well

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(and unhappily it continues to be true). The fact that we have had trouble unifying our own approach to this problem has not made any easier the more difficult task of getting our allies to see eye to eye with us on the matter.

As usual with this series, which was resumed after the interval of World War II, the superlatives are in order for the excellent job the team headed by Richard P. Stebbins has performed. The longer than usual delay in producing this volume points up the magnitude of the task but also prompts the hope that future volumes will not be even slower in coming.

These volumes are far too valuable to a variety of people to be kept from them longer than absolute necessity dictates. While there may be a virtue in their not being issued almost immediately after the year has ended, their attractiveness is somewhat diminished if nearly two years must elapse.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY

HERITAGE

By Anthony West. Random House. 309p. \$3.75

Anthony West, British-born, now a resident of this country, is known here for his criticism in the *New Yorker*. *Heritage*, his third novel, relates the extraordinary childhood and youth of the illegitimate son of a successful actress and a celebrated writer. Richard Savage tells his own story, a device which, if awkward at times, makes the novel come alive like a diary.

Richard's account begins in a no-longer-fashionable apartment in London's South Kensington, where his stoical Scotch nursemaid is the stable bulwark in the face of his mother's alternate moods of indulgence and rejection.

A short period at a British boarding school is dramatically interrupted by his father. A pawn, Richard moves henceforth between his mother's world and that of his father, the latter's an exciting combination of Paris elegance, Antibes and an unusual brand of London domesticity. Richard sees Max Town, man of letters, humiliated by his insanely abusive German mistress. He himself is initiated into sex by this same woman's niece, a girl who later gloomily casts her lot with Hitler's Germany. He is momentarily heir apparent to a kindly English colonel, whom his mother marries to try the role of country lady, a role she later abandons to return to the footlights.

Richard's parents' brilliance in their own respective spheres sets off the inadequacies in their behavior toward those close to them. That is where the novel fails to satisfy, for Naomi and Max are more real in their failure than in their genius.

Though Richard is at last faced by World War II, he is able to say: "I am glad to be alive. The whole shooting match is worth it." Though spiritually rootless, he accepts life without resentment and people for what they happen to be.

The characterization wavers and lacks depth, but this weakness is not entirely a flaw, for adults are generally glimpsed, rather than really known, by the young. The episodic ending misses climax, but the vitality of Mr. West's writing marks the novel as much above the ordinary.

JOAN C. GRACE

THE NET THAT COVERS THE WORLD

By E. H. Cookridge. Holt. 315p. \$3.95

During the last few years, the American public has been highly conscious of the dangers of Soviet espionage. Recently, however, many signs have indicated that this country is ready for another period of the complacent and deluded good will toward "our ally" that characterized the thinking of most people through the end of World War II. As a consequence of this renewed camaraderie, Mr. Cookridge's "full and authentic exposure of the Soviet espionage system" may find a less receptive audience than it would have only some months ago.

If *The Net that Covers the World* does evoke an indifferent response, part of the fault will be its author's.

Though he is dealing with an intrinsically dramatic subject, he seldom succeeds in conveying any of its excitement to the reader. The reason for this failure is, perhaps, that Mr. Cookridge takes too much for granted. For example, he relies heavily upon the Canadian (Gouzenko) and Australian (Petrov) spy cases. Yet nowhere does he give a full account of the unfolding of these events. Apparently he feels that the average reader is already familiar with the details of both incidents. Since this is not true, what might have been the most interesting parts of the book remain tantalizingly obscure and confusing.

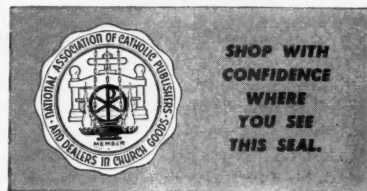
While the author is referred to by his publishers as an "acknowledged expert on Soviet affairs," his account would gain in authority if it were but-



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tressed with documentation of even the
most occasional and elementary sort.
It would be valuable to know, for in-
stance, from what source came the top-
secret "subscription" or oath which
Soviet espionage trainees are required
to sign. One wonders also where Mr.
Cookridge gained his extensive informa-
tion concerning the "Central Index" of
the Soviet Secret Service with its files
on millions of citizens of all countries.
Perhaps the origin of such data cannot
be revealed. If so, a statement to that
effect seems in order.

In view of the manner in which the
people of the United States have been
led to believe in the practical infalli-
bility of the FBI and our other agencies
of counter-espionage, one part of this
volume is especially startling. It con-
cludes that the "counter-intelligence of
the democracies has for years been
lamentably ineffectual." Major Soviet
failures in espionage have been largely
due to the defection of Russian agents
rather than to the work of their op-
ponents. This is indeed a problem worth
pondering at this moment of revived
good feeling when we are sometimes
almost convinced that the Iron Curtain
is an illusion.

H. L. ROFINOT

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS

By Aldous Huxley. Harper. 168p. \$2.75

Whatever else may be said of him,
Aldous Huxley is not a bore. He is
cut from the same bolt of intellectual
cloth as was George Bernard Shaw:
fiery in the fanaticism of his highly
questionable opinions, explosive and
(to a degree) entertaining in his ex-
pressions of them. He is a skilled crafts-
man who has a firm grip on the tools
of his trade.

In this, his first novel since 1948,
Huxley brings the reader up to date
on what he has been thinking of quan-
tum mechanics, sex, God, evil, sin and
grace. Amazingly (for Huxley), the
narrator has a refreshing candor which
does not—on the surface—give offense.
And this for a very plausible reason:
hardly ever is the reality of the story
credible. There is an air of *l'opéra
comique* about the whole affair which
vitiates the grossness of some aspects
of the plot. And the cerebral acerbity
is as tart as a quince: e.g., the cynical
bite of the very last sentences in the
book: "Drive carefully. This is a Chris-
tian country and it is the Saviour's
birthday. Practically everyone you see
will be drunk."

Before he gets to those lines, the
author tells of the erratic genius, Henry
Maartens, Nobel Prize-winning physi-
cist, and Katy, his goddess-wife. Katy's
feet are made of clay but her passions
are of Olympic fire in her extramarital
dalliance with John Rivers, former
student of Henry and narrator of the
story.

On Christmas eve John, in a nostal-
gic mood, reveals the lowdown on the
unpredictable giant of modern science,
recalling the glorious days of his own
emergence from a cocoon of mother-
repression under the tutelage of a living
Ceres who helped him mature to full
appreciation of life and all its hedon-
istic fruits. And in his exposure of this
grotesque zoo of characters, Huxley
covers the spectrum of his opinions
from Piaget to Mickey Spillane, from
John Dewey to à Kempis, from Boole
to boudoir, without the misfire of one
cracker.

But, in the end, the discriminating
reader can discern in the dissolving
smoke—after the din and the roar have
subsided—the shape of a man (Huxley
himself) wandering off into the dark-
ness, still searching for that inner illu-
mination that seems thus far to have
escaped him.

JOHN M. COPPINGER



THE PRIESTHOOD AND PERFECTION

By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.
(Translated by E. Hayden, O.P.) Newman.
208p. \$3

Recent years have witnessed a renewed
interest in the different states which
comprise the mystical body of Christ.
The theology of the religious life has
long since been worked out. At present,
theologians and spiritual writers are
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BER 8, 1955



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Worth waiting for

Next week Desmond Fennell and Robert F. Harvanek, S.J., will put their heads together in *AMERICA* to bring you their observations on life in today's Spain.

... On October 15th Douglas Hyde's article, "High Stakes in Italy," will be featured.

... *AMERICA*'s associate editor, Father Masse, is readying a feature article for our October 22nd issue. It is titled: "Does the Bell Toll for Socialism?"

... Will Herberg's new book, *Catholic-Protestant-Jew* looks as though it might become a classic in American religious sociology. On November 5th we shall have the privilege of printing a full-length review of Mr. Herberg's book, by Gustave Weigel, S.J., professor of ecclesiology at Woodstock College.

... Father LaFarge will celebrate the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Since he was ordained a priest at Innsbruck in Austria just a few weeks before he became a Jesuit, our November 12th issue will commemorate both anniversaries. Mr. George K. Huntington, Father LaFarge's friend and colleague of many years in the Catholic Interracial Council, will bring us his impressions and appreciation of "John LaFarge—Priest."

... The week after, Neil G. McCluskey, S.J., recently added to *AMERICA*'s staff as contributing editor, will give us a first-hand answer to the question: "Who Are Jehovah's Witnesses?"

Look for these and other outstanding articles in the coming issues of *AMERICA*!

because of his ordination and his office. The book begins with some general reflections on the secularistic atmosphere of the modern world and on the Christian life and spirit of faith with which Christians must oppose that atmosphere.

Fr. Garrigou-Lagrange wishes to consider the priestly state in its proper place in the Church. Thus, he discusses the general obligation of all Christians and the special obligation of religious to seek perfection. This brings him to his central theme: priestly perfection. In a thorough and convincing manner the author shows conclusively that the priest should strive for perfection because of his priestly ordination, his nearness to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and his duties to the mystical body of Christ. The rest of the book is devoted to the study of the virtues, prayer and devotions which will help the priest toward perfection.

As the title suggests, this book is written mainly for priests. The author presupposes a familiarity with the methods and proofs of scholastic philosophy and theology. His purpose is to convince the mind of his reader and thus move him to action.

ELBERT J. RUSHMORE, S.J.

THE TONTINE

By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday.
2 volumes. 930p. \$5.95

The question "What is the tontine?" agitating the book advertisements for the week before this novel's publication, has been answered with two handsome volumes in Mr. Costain's major bid for literary honors. It is not a successful bid, unless you like the 19th-century novel written today. The commercial reading-public will like it.

The tontine is a scheme, part gamble, part insurance, in which subscribers to a common fund share an annuity with the benefit of survivorship, the shares being increased as the subscribers die, until the whole goes to the last subscriber. It is named after Lorenzo Tonti, Neapolitan banker, who started the scheme in France about 1653. The tontine would be a good plot for a short story. Mr. Costain has extended it to two volumes.

The 70-year-old author, who admits with humility to being a research-library novelist, has come a long way since *The Silver Chalice* in plot complication, distressing multiplicity of characters and interminable dialog, which communicate the fruits of re-

search rather than the fine shadings of characterization. He bounces along through four generations of the Carboy, Grace and Groody families, the welter of European economic and political life, excursions to Bermuda, America, South Africa, until the Waterloo Tontine is finished and the reader is nearly finished too.



In fealty to the period of Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Costain has invented a counterpart to almost every character in every 19th-century novel I ever read. Ranging from the Sidney Carton counterpart in Jonathan Brace—and in Julian Grace as well—to the Becky Sharpe in Isabelle Carboy, these people are reminiscent, if not derivative. Mix Galsworthy with Dickens and Blackmore and you will get the general idea. One could cast them all right now from MGM's stable of film stars. Mr. Costain has only invented; creation is another thing.

The novel of event, the novel written from the outside, where actions and words speak louder than meanings, is one way, and a legitimate way, of telling a story. But it is a little late, and somehow disquieting, to treat the Victorian era with levity, to assess the industrial revolution in terms of Samuel Carboy's crash to power, with child labor dragged in like the mill children—"little Addie was there, leaning on her crutch"—who, at the end of volume one, are paraded across a music hall stage before the monocles and lorgnettes. There is nothing in this novel of Hopkins' England "bleared, smeared with toil," certainly nothing of a compassionate Holy Ghost brooding over the "bent world."

On the credit side, Mr. Costain has worked hard to tell a surface story and has missed no chance to avoid the "bedroom scenes" that dishonor much popular fiction. *The Tontine* will be a best seller and a movie, but the discriminating reader will finish it with that \$64,000-question feeling that now we know who won and we are glad it is over.

ALFRED BARRETT

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THE WORD

But when the king came in to look at the company, he saw a man there who had no wedding garment on; My friend, he said, how didst thou come to be here without a wedding garment? And he made no reply (Matt. 22:11-12; Gospel for 19th Sunday after Pentecost).

A critical invitation is being extended, a priceless opportunity is being offered: this is a theme that keeps recurring in our Saviour's recorded instructions, and notably in those impressive stories of His called parables. The invitation or opportunity is, of course, the privilege offered by God's Son to the Jewish people to enter betimes into the kingdom of God on earth, which is the true Christian Church. However, the timeless and placeless sayings of Christ our Lord possess completely universal validity; a point underlined by the otherwise curious addition, to the body of our present parable, of the incident of the guest without a wedding garment.

The invitation extended to men generally to enter by faith into the kingdom of heaven on earth must be accepted, clearly, upon peril of God's mighty displeasure. But it becomes equally clear that faith alone represents an inadequate response to the divine invitation. Commentators commonly see in the guest who wore no wedding garment a soul without divine charity or love in the strict theological sense. Now charity, theologically, is a concomitant of sanctifying grace.

It is sharply instructive that the improperly garbed guest is not merely rebuked, nor even, like the foolish virgins, simply excluded from the feast. The remiss fellow is punished, and punished severely. *Whereupon the king said to his servants, Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into the darkness, where there shall be weeping, and gnashing of teeth.*

In effect, the guest without a wedding garment fares little better than the surly, vicious crew who despised the wedding invitation in the first place. So we can reject God altogether by a refusal of faith, or lose Him by that which is the death of love and the destruction of sanctifying grace: mortal sin.

The Catholic view of life is sometimes described as being wholly jaundiced

and soured by a habitual, morbid dread of mortal sin. Which is very much like saying that the outlook of people generally in our day is entirely jaundiced and soured by a habitual, morbid fear of atomic war. Or that the attitude of those who work among cancer victims is completely jaundiced and soured by a habitual, morbid horror of cancer. Inasmuch as it is manifestly normal and reasonable to fear what is genuinely fearful, descriptive words like *jaundiced* and *soured* and *morbid* would seem to lack a certain accuracy in their application to all these instances.

Clear, unemotional fear of mortal sin constitutes standard spiritual equipment for every Catholic, but most particularly for the earnest Catholic layman who ambitions a truly spiritual life. *Spiritual life* and *mortal sin* make, by sheer definition, a contradiction in terms. The alternative to wearing a wedding garment is considerably more dreadful than not wearing a wedding garment. It is *darkness* and *weeping* and *gnashing of teeth*.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY S.J.

REV. EUGENE K. CULHANE, S.J., is completing his doctoral work at Fordham University on the Jesuits and the Chinese Rites problem.

REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., has written many books on the Negro question.

MARJORIE HOLLIGAN has long been a student of the American Indian.

RILEY HUGHES, associate professor of English in the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, is editing for the Catholic Press Association an anthology of short stories that have appeared in the U. S. Catholic press.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY is an associate professor of history at M. I. T.

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REV. ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J., has taught courses in creative writing at Fordham U.

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FILMS

THE DESPERATE HOURS are the period of a day and a half during which a prosperous Indianapolis suburbanite (Fredric March), his wife (Martha Scott), their grown daughter (Mary Murphy) and ten-year-old son (Richard Eyer) are held prisoner in their own home by three escaped convicts (Humphrey Bogart, Dewey Martin, Robert Middleton). The particular circumstances of this oft-told tale were invented by Joseph Hayes. He has got therefrom a spectacular amount of mileage and revenue—from magazine serial rights and from the novel as well as from the stage dramatization and the screen play, both of which, astonishingly enough in this age of literary specialization, he also wrote.

If the author has got hold of a good thing financially, it is equally true that he has written a thumping good yarn. Where suspense stories of this sort usually resort to artificially imposed gimmicks to keep up the excitement, Hayes' flows logically from situation and character. It also expounds a complicated three-way conflict—between the household, the criminals and the police—so that all sides carry their full weight and provide an insight into mixed human motives that goes deeper than melodrama.

One is tempted, in fact, to praise the caliber of the writing and dismiss the situation on which it is expended as lurid and highly specialized by comparison. On second thought, a drama of ordinary people facing up to the ultimate in terror, whatever the circumstances, has an uncomfortable ring of truth and universality in the contemporary world.

In any case, significant or not, the film has been directed with the most compelling precision and skill by William Wyler. And the cast, down to the last bit-player, imparts something extra in the way of vitality and conviction to their roles. In short, it is a distinguished and absorbing *adult* movie.

(Paramount)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER is also a suspense melodrama, the first film production of the dynamic and challenging Broadway producer Paul Gregory, and first screen directorial assignment of another notable theatrical innovator and jack-of-all-trades, Charles Laughton.

Based on Davis Grubb's best-selling

novel, the movie is much more obviously freighted with symbols than *The Desperate Hours*, almost unbearably more unpleasant in subject matter and altogether less satisfactory as entertainment, even in that word's broadest sense. The story is about two youngsters, a stalwart lad of nine and his almost uncomprehending four-year-old sister, who are being murderously pursued by a homicidal maniac (Robert Mitchum) with religious delusions and a Jack the Ripper complex.

Ultimately the children are rescued and the villain confounded by an intrepid, godly but more than a little eccentric old woman (Lillian Gish) who appears fortuitously out of nowhere. Up to that point none of the adults in the cast displayed the slightest trace of courage or common sense on which the children might have leaned in their plight.

The setting of the film is a backward West Virginia river town during the depths of the depression; that may be an explanation for its bizarre outlook on life. Its thesis, unproved as far as I am concerned, appears to be that children have limitless courage and resiliency in the face of adversity.

From the start, Laughton was defeated in his efforts to infuse the materials with a significance at all comparable to their distastefulness. With a real flair for sustained, economical story-telling, however, he has deployed them to their best advantage. And the accompanying physical production—complete with impressionistic sets, arresting camera angles and starkly silhouetted contrasts of black and white in the photography—though it may be "arty" is undeniably interesting.

(United Artists)
MOIRA WALSH

Some readers of Miss Walsh's review of *The Left Hand of God* (9/24, p. 631) have written to say they were either puzzled or perturbed by her remarks. It was certainly not our reviewer's intention to maintain that the Motion Picture Production Code Administration ought to clear for filming stories which contain portrayals of sacrilege. Miss Walsh and AMERICA are at one in their loyal adherence to the code. Miss Walsh's remarks were made as a critic of the finished film, not as a critic of the code.

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